ROMULUS
AND
HERSILIA;
OR THE
SABINE WAR
A TRAGEDY
Acted at the Duke's THEATRE.

Militat omnis Amans, & habet sua Castra Cupido.
Ovid.

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Butler*.

HOw we ſhall pleaſe ye now I cannot ſay ;
But Sirs, 'Faith here is News from Rome to day ;
Yet know withal, we've no ſuch Packets here,
As you read once a Week from Monkey Care.
But 'ſtead of that Lewd Stuff (that clogs the Nation)
Plain Love and Honour ; (tho quite out of faſhion ;)
Ours is a Virgin Rome, long, long, before
Pious Geneva Rhetorick call'd her Whore ;
For be it known to their Eternal Shames,
Thoſe Saints were always good at calling Names :
Of Scarlet Whores let 'em their Wills deviſe,
But let 'em raiſe no other Scarlet lies ;
Lies that advance the Good Old Cauſe, and bring
Into Contempt the Prelate with the KING.
Of what will ſuch vile Brutes be now affraid,
When Rats and Weazles gnaw the Lyon's Beard ?
And then in Ignoramus Holes they think,
Like other Vermin, to lie cloſe, and ſtink.
What have ye got, ye Conſcientious Knaves,
With all your Fancy'd Power, and Bully Braves ?
With all your ſtanding to't ; your Zealous Furies ;
Your Lawleſs Tongues, and Arbitrary Juries ?
Your Burleſque Oaths, when one Green-Ribbon-Brother,
In Conſcience will be Perjur'd for another ?
Your Plots, Cabals ; Your Threats, Aſſociation,
Ye ſhame, Ye very Nuſance of the Nation,
What have ye got but one poor Word ? Such Tools
Were Knaves before ; to which you've added Fools.
Now I dare ſwear, ſome of you Whigſters ſay,
Come on, now for a ſwinging Tory Play.
But, Noble Whigs, pray let not thoſe Fears ſtart ye,
Nor fright hence any of the Sham Sheriffs Party ;
For, if you'l take my cenſure of the ſtory,
It is as harmleſs as e're came before ye,
And writ before the times of Whig and Tory.

The PERSONS.

Romulus, King of *Rome*.

Hostilius, A Noble *Roman* his Friend.

Spurius Tarpeius, Commander of a Fort in *Rome*.

Tatius, General of the *Sabines*.

Curtius, A Commander of Note in the *Sabine* Army.

WOMEN.

Hersilia, Daughter of *Tatius*, and Wife to *Romulus*,

Feliciana, Her Sister, young and Innocent,

Tarpeia, Daughter of *Tarpeius*.

Portia,
Cloe,
Cornelia, } *Sabine* Ladies attending *Hersilia*.

Souldiers, and Attendants.

The Scene *Rome*.

Romulus & Herſilia,

OR THE

Sabine War.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Romulus, Herſilia, Hoſtilius, *and Attendance.*

Rom. WHY weeps *Herſilia*? What malicious ſorrow envies the world the luſter of thoſe eyes, and draws a Cloud o're beauties richeſt treaſure? Has love appear'd injurious? Do you repent the bleſſings you have given your *Romulus*? And do I ſeem to you, too, the hated Raviſher your ſevere Father makes me?

Herſ. Pardon my deareſt Lord, pardon theſe tears, tis the ſoft flame of love, here at my heart, makes theſe warm drops diſtil. It is for you! Had I leſs value for my *Romulus*, I had not known theſe ſorrows. Witneſs you Heavens! I wiſh I had a voice might reach the ear of every *Roman*, every *Sabine*, nay through all *Italy*, while thus I vindicate my *Romulus* from any force on me, but [illegible] of love. You Gods! was this a Rape! no it was all conſent, and all mutual deſign. But what is love? what's Truth? what's Juſtice? when my Flint-hearted Father calls it a Rape, and vows revenge?

Rom. And is this all, my Love, and theſe the fears that cauſe the precious ſhower? If this be all, Ray thoſe dear ſtreams, [illegible] every drop's a pearl of value to redeem a Captive King. I Hoſt

Tatius as *Herſilia's* Father; but if he brings us War, and as a Foe approaches *Rome*, ſwelling with empty threats, I'll tell him, in the language of my Father *Mars*, I ſlight his anger, ſmile at his Revenge.

Herſ. But I muſt be unhappy; whoever wins, yet I muſt loſe ſufficiently: Whether my Father or my Husband bleeds, ſtill I am wounded, good Heavens! why have you made the ſweets of love ever to be allay'd with ſo much bitterneſs?

Rom. You kill me with your tears: My love, my love, wou'd you have me weep too? Forbear, or I ſhall loſe my Manhood, while all that's *Roman* in me melts away to ſee you thus diſſolved in ſorrows; what would you have me do? Sweeteſt of all thy Sex, at your Command I'll fall at *Tatius* feet, and bid him cut my head off, becauſe I love his Daughter more then ten thouſand lives.

Herſ. Forbid it all you Gods; no, live my Lord, live to defend *Herſilia*, your *Herſilia*, from a cruel Father, who wou'd not let her live, that is, not love her *Romulus*: Live to defend that *Romulus*, *Herſilia's* better ſelf, from an unjuſt invader: Methinks I feel inſpired a courage truly brave and truly *Roman*; let the malicious world aſſault me with all its fury, while I am thus inthron'd in your dear Armes, I am ſecure of Fortune.

Rom. Ay! now I'm bleſt; now, now I Reign indeed, now at this omen, I ſee my Infant *Rome* lift her aſpiring head above the Nations, while all the Ocean and the remoteſt Iſles dance at her Smiles, and tremble at her frowns. O thou brighter *Venus*, thou more Majeſtick *Juno*, can you ſay this to me and not transfer at the leaſt glance the whole worlds Empire hither? *Hoſtilius*! Friend! why are you ſilent? ſpeak my beſt Friend, am I not truly great, can there be greater?

Hoſt. (*aſide*) Oh tormenting Queſtion! How ſhall I anſwer this and not diſcover a baſe unfriendly envy? Away degenerate Paſſion, I'll tear thee from my long abuſed heart, or tear that heart out.

Rom. What means this ſilence? Does ill fate appear, in all its various forms of ſorrow to me? Here drown'd in tears, and there in ſilent groans. She cannot ſure keep long from me, ſince ſhe has made ſo near approaches. You two divide my Soul: The beſt of Women, and the worthieſt Friend; and do you ſtrive whoſe grief ſhall moſt afflict me?

Hoſt. Forgive me, Sir, or rather pitty me, tis I am only wretched amidſt this common Joy, oppreſt with an ill timed and cauſeleſs

Melancholy

Melancholly. 'Tis a disease I know; let it not be infectious, why should you be concern'd to hear me sigh. Are not you blest in your *Hersilia's* love; you are an Emperour, a God in that, and you deserve it, which of all the immortal beings would not change Heavens with *Romulus*? Would you contemplate the Celestial Glories? You have 'em here. Would you see brighter Stars than those above? behold 'em in these eyes. Would you have Musick far beyond that of the higher Orbs? *Hersilias* voice shall give it. Would you be immortal and taste Ambrosia? You have it in these Lips. The dyet of the Gods is pall'd and course to that,
But I'm a Devil, damn'd to dispair and silence. [*Aside.*

Rom. Can I be happy, and *Hostilius* wear a Mourning look? My Joys should be all yours, or mine your sorrows, if I'm thus highly blest, (and sure I am) pertake of all my Fortune. Command, Rule, Reign, over my *Rome* and me. Have I a City, Subjects, Crown, and my Friend not the same? Is not *Hostilius Romulus*, and *Romulus Hostilius*? Take and enjoy then all that makes me happy, but leave your mournful silence.

Host. (*Aside*) Oh Royal bounty! oh unheedful kindness, he knows not what he sayes, nor I to answer to this invidious Friendship.

Enter Feliciana.

Feli. Oh Sister, O dear *Hersilia*, what will become of us.

Hers. Why Sister, what surprizing fright has caus'd this Question?

Feli. The City's all allarm'd: While from the Tarrace yonder, I saw the distant-hills towards the west-gate covered with Armed *Sabines* drawing this way: I hear they come to have us back, alive or dead; are these the effects of your Heroick Passions! indeed *Hersilia*, tho I respect you dearly, you had not had my Company, if I had thought I should have dyed for Love.

Rom. Innocently pretty! fear not, *Feliciana*, these are but shews of terrour, there's nothings real in 'em. Come *Hostilius*, let us go view the Enemy, and give such orders as may secure the Ladies fears, and make the *Sabines* know, *Romans* and Lovers are not to be Conquered.

[*Exeunt Rom.*

Feli. Sister, how great a change do we find here from the still Life we amongst the *Sabines* led, while at our Fathers *Silvan* Pallace, there, frighter from love, and seldome seen of Men, we spent so many dayes in the adjoyning Groves, that all the wild Inhabitants knew us as part of them, the Thorstle, Nightingale, and little Redbreft, with all the other pretty feather'd Quire, at our approach wou'd flock about, and fill the Air with a compleat and chearful consort: The speckled Deat woud fearless bring their Fawns, and seek their food from me.

Herf. True *Feliciana*, those were our softer hours.
Thoughtless in that calm state we past the year,
And knew not what it was to love or fear.
But now I have learnt both; since the brave *Romulus* first met me in those shades; (Ah fatal hour, yet hour I still must love) we often met, and full of angry tears at the approaching night as often parted. You know *Feliciana*, how we dispairing ever to procure the severe *Tatius* to approve our love, the generous Youth of *Rome*, by my consent, forc'd us, and all our Train of *Sabine* Ladies, from the great feast and Sacred Rights of *Consus*.

Feli. I know too much: Woud I had never known more then the harmless joyes of our own dwelling. Widdow'd for loss of me; how will the Turtles grieve, which I so often fed, and kist in feeding? Were they now here, methinks, I could instruct 'em to sigh, and Coo, and mourn, with better Empheſis, then their own feather'd Parents in a Grove of Cypress. [*Weeps.*

Herf. Alas my pretty Sister, weep not however. If the sweet toiles of Lovers are uneasie to you, you may return. Command a Chariot and a Convoy when you please; why shoud I force my Sister to pertake my troubles.

Feli. Sure *Herfilia* cannot have so mean a thought of me, to think I'de leave her, no I'le die here: Yet wear you not my Sister, I coud not go from *Rome*. I know not what it is, but something here, about my heart, afflicts me, and often pants, and heaves, and almost stops my breath; and will not suffer me so much as wish to be again amongst the *Sabines* and my once loved pleasure: Of late I alwayes weep and sigh when private, yet know not why; I seek to be alone, hate Company, yet know not well the cause of this uneasie humour.

Herf. Why these are all the innocent signs of stifled Love.

Feli. (*sighing*) Indeed it may be so: Had it been any thing but that, I might perhaps have known the cause, and sought a cure; but

love's

love's so great a stranger, I can't so much as guess at his proceedings.

Her. How long have you been thus?

Fel. Ere since the willing force that brought us hither. I need not tell you (for you well remember) how at those publick Shews where we were taken, Prisoners of Love, when at the signal given Your *Romulus* seiz'd you, and every Roman youth, that Lady whom his choice or chance presented: *Hostilius*, for my quality no doubt, as being your Sister, not for my person, made me his care, and entertained me then with so much gallantry, and such obliging Kindness, that I have never since had any ease but when I see him, yet I had rather die than he should know it.

Hers. Fear not dying my *Feliciana*, I know *Hostilius*, by his silent sighs, melts with loves kindly flames as much as you.

Fel. That, that's my torment---: for silly as I am, I see he loves, but see withal, I'm not the Object. Since that dear time of our first encounter, he never treated me with one kind word; But wheresoever I'm present, he looks another way, and sighs, and never speaks to me.

Hers. Pretty *Feliciana* weep no more; but trust your Cares to me, I will find out a Cure, for this sweet innocent Passion. Mean time, let's seek my *Romulus*: I have not patience to endure his absence: I know his friend is with him too: Come Sister, you shall see *Hostilius*.

Fel. O hold, I dare not Sister: Since I have told you all my weakness for *Hostilius*, I am ashamed to let you see me see him.

Hers. Away you foolish Innocent, remove
Such idle scruples, or ne're thrive in Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCENE II.

Enter Romulus, Hostilius, Spurius Tarpeius.

Rom. THE Western Gate that fronts the Enemy, with the adjoyning Fort, *Tarpeius*, I commit to your experienc'd Loyalty and Conduct.

Sp. Tar. It is an honour Sir, which when I give you cause to wish undone, take off my head.

Rom. *Hostilius*, to you belongs all the Command I have my self in my own City.

Hostil. Why shou'd you be so prodigal of favours! Why shou'd you lavish thus, my best of friends, what Heaven and your own merits have conspired to make you only worthy of! On me, on me too: One that can taste no happiness, one whose dull sence has lost all relish of a blessing, one born to be a wretch, a curst unhappy wretch.

Rom. This is extravagancy, sure friend you are not well.

Hostil. My tongue too much betrays me, would I could spit it out —— I must confess, great Sir, my mind of late is much distempered. Which often makes my language out of order. It is a causless transiant Cloud, I know, and soon will over, I beg you take no notice of it. I am too sensible of my own imperfection, and am ashamed to have it known to others.

Rom. 'Tis reason nobly urged, I'm silent — but see *Hersilia*.—

Enter Hersilia, Feliciana, Tarpeia, *&c.*

Rom. Be safe my Love as your own wish can fancy: Nor let the pretty *Feliciana* fear, since *Rome* is now so guarded, that the *Sabines* may as well hope to storm the Cloud as prevail here. No arms but those of friendship can pass these Walls.

Hers. I think, my Lord your cause will raise an Army even of Women. *Tarpeia* talks so bravely here, and in such Martial Language, that were we all like her we alone were sufficient, not only to defend our selves, but to subdue all the adjacent Enemies of *Rome*.

Rom. Your Conquest, sweet *Hersilia*, have been already greater: And for the fair *Tarpeia* since she appears so brave, she too shall have a share in our Command — *Tarpeius*, let your Daughter act as Leiutenant in your absence: This is the Ladies War, and why should then that Sex be bar'd to share the honours of it?

Enter a Souldier.

Sol. *Sabinus Curtius* Sir, sent from the Enemy, attends without.

Rom. Admit him.

Fel. Now Sister should this War, scarce yet begun, end in a treaty?

Hers. As I am a *Sabine* by my Birth, I wish a Peace with honour, but I am more a *Roman* by my inclination than to desire it basely.

Enter

Enter Curtius.

Cur. Tatius the juſt, to the great *Romulus*, has ſent theſe terms of Peace.

Hoſt. He ſpeaks as if we were already Conquered!

Rom. Suffer him, good *Hoſtilius*: Go on Sir.

Cur. He ſayes the *Sabines* never yet loved war meerly for the inhumane act of killing. 'Tis your own ſelves then that deſtroy your ſelves, if you refuſe him Juſtice; he offers therefore, e're yet the Sword has been unkind to *Roman* Mothers, e're widdowed Matrons, with hands up heav'd to Heaven, name you, and curſe the cauſe that rob'd them of their Husbands; e're Orphan Babes, like Callow Birds, the old one killed abroad, dye mourning for their food; 'ere theſe and thouſand worſe Events of war arrive, he offers to withdraw his arms, if you reſtore *Herſilia* and the other Ladies.

Hoſt. Reſtore *Herſilia*?

Cur. Who 'gainſt the Law of Nations, 'gainſt all the rights of Civil life, you firſt invited to your publick Entertainments, and then from thence ſo fouly ravisht. Our General farther ſayes, if after this, your merits can prevail with their reſpective Parents, to gain 'em for your Wives, you ſhall have liberty to uſe ſuch formal means in your addreſs, as peace and Love, not brutal force allow of.

Rom. Tell the moſt Noble *Tatius*, he is now our Father-in-law, and we as ſuch ſhall treat him; how e're his paſſion bids him act with us. *Herſilia*'s not aſhamed to call her *Romulus* Husband; and can her *Romulus* fear to call her Wife, and as ſuch keep her here? No, ſhou'd he bring a greater force than that which made the ten years Seige at *Troy*, here ſhe ſhould live and Reign, ſecure, and better guarded then their *Palladium*: And for the other Ladies, (in all but thirty, and moſt Attendants to *Herſilia*) they have all found by their own free Election, Husbands or humble Lovers of the beſt of *Rome*: I cannot force the property of others, nor can I in civility bid 'em remove, where their own choice and love has made 'em ſettle; beſides it were impertinent and baſe for us to quit the love which they themſelves have given, and make a new Court o're again to their old Parents; as for the foul act which you charge me with, and call a Rape, *Herſilia*'s ſelf, whoſe every ſillable's a ſacred truth, can purge that ſcandal.

Herf. Yes; Heaven and I can Witness, so can *Feliciana*, that 'twas no force but a confederate plot 'twixt my lov'd Lord and me. I knew too well how little kind my Father was to all the *Romans*, how vilely he has spoke of their original, and the *Asylum*, with reason therefore my Lord and I despair'd of his assent, and us'd this means to Crown our loves: Are your demands then just or Honourable that seek to make a Husband quit his Wife?

Host. Restore *Herfilia*? Did he not say e're while restore *Herfilia*? No, I will first my self fight your whole Army, take all the wounds ten thousand swords can give me, challenge every weapon in all your Camp to do its office here, Cut, Gash, and mangle every part about me, till there's not left one place to make a wound on, and I at last drown in a Sea of my own blood, e're you shall have *Herfilia*.

Feli. (*aside*) Sure he mistakes the name, he shoud have said *Feliciana*; my love woud have it so. How happy had I been, if this concern, this high excess of favour had appeared for me, but now how wretched; O I shall faint, conduct me, sweet *Cornelia*, to my Chamber. [*Exit.*

Rom. Your friendship, dear *Hostilius*, carries you beyond your temper; my cause too far transports you.

Cur. If these be your resolves, I have command to tell you, War must force the right which you deny us.

Rom. If we must fight, where we had rather Love, and use those arms to kill which should embrace, know *Curtius* we are ready either way: Nor let your *Sabines* think to find our courage less than our love successful. We know the way to make your Men as well as Women Captives. *Tarpeius* see him safe without the walls: Farewel Sir.

Host. Since you demand to have *Herfilia* back, I am no Man of words, I cannot argue whether the thing be just which you demand, but if you are brave meet me in the next skirmish, and then like Men and Soulders we'l dispute it. This if you dare. ——

Cur. I smile at these last words; I dare do more than I dare speak, I am a Coward in my boasting. I long to meet you, Sir, till then I am your Servant. [*Exit* Cur. *and* Tarpeius.

Tarp. Gallantly answered, and with temper; me-thinks I love him for't, I wish I were a *Sabine* Maid, or he a *Roman*. } *Aside.*

Rom. Come my *Herfilia*, while we have you, we cannot doubt the fate of *Rome*; Fortune and Victory must act for us, having

so dear a pledge: The love inspired
By you, a stronger power and more assistance brings
To our Triumphant cause, than all the aid,
I justly may expect from *Mars* my Father.
Then how successless must the *Sabines* prove
Opposing both the Gods of War, and Love. [Ex. *all but* Hostilius.
Host. But more successless I, who fight against
Two such almighty passions as Love and Friendship:
Ye Gods! What have I done to merit such a torment?
While these two Heavenly flames strive in my breast,
'Tis hell to me: I'm damn'd in the contest.
But why shou'd I look on, as unconcern'd
While Civil War within me rends me peice-meal;
No, I will be a Monarch o're my self...
And crush the Rebels. Away thou soft seducer Love,
Tyrant and Traytor; I am a *Roman*,
And will keep my Friendship sacred.
Who can offend in thought so sweet a Friend
As is the Mighty *Romulus*? How blind is real kindness,
He cou'd not see my Passion for *Hersilia*,
When my love raved but thought it his concern:
O innocent obliging Goodness! I wish
The Sword of *Curtius*, when we shall meet,
May find a way to revenge *Romulus*,
And peircing this offending bosome, end
Those thoughts that dared to injure such a friend. [*Exit.*

ACT. II. Scena Prima.

A Field before the Walls of Rome. *Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter Curtius *and other* Sabines.

Cur. I Would not have this skirmish grow into a Battle,
Ho, *Lausus*,
Bid those *Rutilian* succours halt till further Orders.
1. *Sab.* The *Romans*, Sir, draw from their works apace.
Cur. No matter, I know they are too brave
To use their odds, ——
O are you come Sir.

Enter Hostilius *and other Romans.*

Host. (*To his party*) Stand here; approach no nearer
As you respect your lives.
Cur. (*To his*) Withdraw to the same distance,
And leave me single to my Generous Enemy.
Host. Curtius, I see you are Noble and dare be brave;
I ought in Justice then to ask your Pardon,
That I e're questioned it: they were rash words,
And I repent 'em.
Cur. Spare your Apologies: First try what truth
Is in the appearance. If I indeed have Courage,
You may have cause enough, Sir, to repent,
But if you find me shrink chastize me for it.
Host. The same for me —— Come, Sir, this is for *Romulus*
The best of Men, and sweet *Herstilia's* cause. [*They fight, and pause.*
Cur. Sure *Hostilius*, you but dally, and hardly think me
Such an Enemy as may deserve your utmost force.
Know then if you are *Romulus* Champion,
I am his secret Rival. I love *Herstilia*,
Tho she her self yet never knew it,
And with so strong a Passion,
That were not *Tatius* for this war; should he
Forget his Daughter; yet I my self
Would raise an Army to redeem my Mistress,
This sure will make you fight in earnest.
Host. Unhappily discovered! O, I am wounded
In the most tender part about me; thou hast
Unkindly rob'd me of my Honour;
That which I late design'd my dear Friends quarrel
Is now my own; my boasted Friendship, spight
Of all my reason, basely yeilds to love,
The near extinguished flame rages again,
Now I have found a Rival. Hold *Curtius*;
Let me reward your secret with another,
That's yet unknown to all the world;
I love *Herstilia*; (I wish I could not say)
Equal to *Romulus*; and if my flame
So hardly yeilds to what I owe to him,
The Good, the Great, the God-born *Romulus*,
How can I hear thy Claims Have at thy heart.
Cur. Guard well thy own, *Hostilius*, my heart can know
No wounds; but what *Herstilia* gave. [*Fight, both Wounded.*

Cur. How just and how invincible soe're,
You think your cause, I see, 'twill not protect you:
You are not invulnerable. You can bleed,
As well as I.

Hoſt. It is my glory, *Curtius!*
I never loved my blood till now that it appears
So ready to be ſpent in her dear cauſe
For whom I have it. Flow, flow for ever
You immortal Fountains; the ſtreams you ſee, O *Sabine*,
Are not the Ebbs of life but ſprings of love.

Cur. That ſhall be thus determined: —— [*Fight.*

1. *Sab.* Should we ſtand here and ſee the noble *Curtius*
Fight to death?

2. *Sab.* It is not reaſon, His life's not all his own but partly ours.

1. *Rom.* See, yonder *Sabines* move to aſſiſt their Leader;
We muſt not ſee the brave *Hoſtilius* fall oppreſt by number.

[*The Soldiers draw to their Principals, and all engage.*

Enter Romulus.

Rom. My Friend engaged and wounded; it was a lucky
Chance that brought me to this quarter.

[*He engages; the* Sabines *beaten off.*

Hoſt. Ill' timed aſſiſtance! had not he appear'd
Either I might have kill'd or dyed;
Fortune I cannot thank thee for this kindneſs. [*Aſide.*

Rom. Still brave and ſtill in noble danger, why
Are you ſo covetous of Honour, Friend,
As thus to ſteal it from your *Romulus*,
And not acquaint me with the envy'd purchaſe?
Why that emphatick ſigh? I know 'tis not your wounds.

Hoſt. A wound how deep ſoever, was never worth it.
But theſe are ſlight.

Rom. Slight as they are, I'le urge the cauſe no further
Till I have ſeen 'em dreſt, ——

Hoſt. I'de rather make 'em wider; why do we not
Purſue the Enemy? Let me but once again
Engage with *Curtius*, and I will never ask
Another favour.

Rom. You ſhall not go —— [*Holds him.*
I never us'd my power upon my friend till now;
Indeed you ſhall not go.

Hoſt. Under how greivous a reſtraint am I,
Who can with pleaſure neither live nor dye? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Pallace.*

Enter Tarpeia, Portia.

Port. WHat a ſad ſight *Tarpeia* have we had
From yonder Tarrace? The memory ſtill afflicts me.
Methinks it is a moſt undecent thing,
To ſee brave men, whom nature ſure ordain'd
For better ends, and more to her advantage,
Like Tygers fight and wory one another.
Tarp. You tremble *Portia*, that which chills your blood
Has heated mine to noble Emulation,
Had I been man I had not ſtood with you,
Idle ſpectator of the brave engagement
But run among 'em, wild, to the thickeſt action.
Port. Sure you but jeſt, can any woman have
Thoughts ſo extravagant ——
Tarp. Nature as wrong'd me when ſhe made me Woman:
Or elſe when I was form'd, ſhe heedleſs and haſtily,
Snatch't the next Soul for me, and left my Sex Imperfect.
Port. Love is our Province, Women know no Wars,
But of the paſſions: Hope, Fear, ſoft deſires,
Sorrows and ſuddain joys, make all our Battels.
Happy are you *Tarpeia*, ſince your heart,
Thus arm'd, ſeems proof againſt that paſſion
Which kills, and even damns ſo many of us.
Tarp. Wou'd it were ſo, my *Portia*, as you fancy. —
But waveing this, I prithee tell me freely,
Which you eſteem the moſt deſerving Men,
Our *Romans* or your *Sabines*?
Port. Ay this I like indeed, I'de rather talk
Of gallant Men, than ſee 'em fight and kill. ——
By *Juno*, then *Tarpeia*, I eſteem
Your *Roman* Meen; it ſpeaks a Soul more great,
A finer ſhape, a face more pleas'd, a look
More amorous than ours.
Tarp. Come, this is all but Complement to me.
Methinks your *Sabines* much excel our Men,
Solid, Majeſtical, of ſuch a look
As ſpeaks 'em truly juſt, and even tempered,
More noble than to give a wrong, but when

Received, duly requiting.

Port. Call 'em severe, *Tarpeia*, and revengeful.
O did you know how strict they guard their Women,
Seldome or never seen abroad, but at
A Sacrifice or publick Rites to Heaven:
Thus *Tatius* kept his Daughters, a Man so just
He knows no mercy. ——

Tarp. —— But what of *Curtius*, prithee?

Port. You have named the only he of all our Nation,
Thats like a Man indeed, such as I'de have him;
Young, Courtly, Brave, well made, and Noble born,
Mighty obliging, and of as mighty Courage.

Tarp. She reads my closer thoughts, before she spake
My Soul had fram'd this Character of *Curtius*. [*aside.*

Port. But for that one we have a world of others,
Who though indu'd with vertue upon vertue,
Are yet of such a sullen gravity,
And so morosely wise you'd think 'em out
Of humour with the world, yet more contented
In a small House and Garden, than Kings in Courts.

Tarp. But *Curtius* ——

Port. Seems more a *Roman*, than a *Sabine*; he
Scorns the low thoughts of dull Philosophy;
And since the Gods gave him a Princes Soul,
He overlooks the fate of a *Plebeian*, ——
Rome, *Rome* must Rule the World! it can't be otherwise,
Since she alone can shew a thousand such.
I fancy *Romulus*. ——

Tarp. More, more, of *Curtius*! I love to hear thee speak;
You paint so prittily the Man your favour,

Port. I favour him, *Tarpeia*? alas that needs not;
He little values any of our favours.
For he had never any Mistress yet;
(At least, that we can guess,) that's his chief fault.

Tarp. I like this best of all; I have no Rival. [*aside.*

Enter Cornelia, *Singing.*

Use your Youth, use your Youth and happy hours,
while they remain:
Cheerfully, Cheerfully, while they are ours,
the blessings entertain,
For time once lost can ne're be found again.
For time once, &c.

Tarp.

Tarp. See *Portia*, [illegible]
Careless of fate while the alarms of war,
Or feircer love, disquiet all her Sex.
Have you no heart *Cornelia*?
Cor. Not to admit of love, or fear, *Tarpeia*;
The Boy-God never dar'd go wound my breast;
And if I'me arm'd against a God, why should
I fear a Souldier, ---- *Portia* the Queen asks for you.
Port. Then we must part; Farewel *Tarpeia*. [*Ex.* Port. Cor.
Tarp. Farewell; farewel *Cornelia*, ah happy Girl,
In her own Childish innocence secure;
She never dreams the smart which I endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE. III.

Romulus, Hostilius.

Rom. HOW long, *Hostilius*, must I sue in vain,
To know the cause why I am thus afflicted,
That is, why you are thus afflicted? Cou'd I
Have kept a secret from my Friend so long?
Cou'd I have let him beg so long for that
Which should be his without so much as asking?
(For every Friend, or is, or ought to be
A confident) nor shou'd I care to know it,
But only in design to ease your sorrow;
Had you a secret cause of joy, I shou'd
Not then have importuned you for it.
Why stand you thus, silent, and almost senseless,
As you wou'd say, I cannot answer what
You urge, and will not what you ask?
Host. O worthyest of Mankind! O Prince too good
To be my Friend! I wou'd not have you love,
But pitty me, and let me still be silent.
Rom. I cannot, must not, dare not, suffer it,
Good *Hostilius*. —
Host. Then you will not pitty me,
I see I must appear foul and unworthy
In denying, or still more foul and more
Unworthy in Confessing. O mistaken goodness!
When you shall see my Soul naked and bare,

Of

Of all its silent vermilh, which you have stript
Off the disguise, you'l find so base in object,
So poor and so degenerate a *Roman*,
And such a Monster of abused Friendship,
You'l start at the discovery, and curse me for it.
Rom. Who but *Hostilius*, durst have said this of *Hostilius*?
Or do you aime th' unworthy Character,
At some less dear and less deserving *Roman*?
Host. I do not know another *Roman* that deserves it.
No Sir, tis I: I am the unworthy owner.
Rom. Come all this is false, and feign'd to put me off:
I see through your pretences, it will not do
Hostilius; and I must know your discontent.
Host. Suppose then ——
(For such a Crime, from one oblig'd like me
Ought not to be discover'd but by supposition)
Suppose *I* had agreed with *Tatius*,
To give the City up, betray the Army,
And make my Friend his Prisoner ——
Rom. I could forgive it.
Host. Suppose I had designed, prompted by my Ambition,
To stab my Friend basely, and when ungarded,
Usurp his Crown, and make my self the head of *Rome* ——
Rom. Tis all impossible, but still I should forgive it.
Host. Higher yet: Suppose I love *Hersilia*,
Your, your *Hersilia*; love her to enjoy her,
For that dear end, suppose I'de be a Traytor,
A Devil; repine and covet those sweet joyes,
Which only you can merit, envy all
The Heaven which you possess in her embraces,
How say you now? Now am not I a Villian?
Rom. No, but a foul defembler of a foul, false scandal,
Do not I know *Hostilius*? I me sure he cannot
Think a Crime like these: I know he cannot,
Since my *Remus* dyed,
I never had so near a Friend; *Remus* and *I*,
Were not such Twins in blood, as we two in
Affection. Are not we *Æneas* and *Achates*?
Host. Tis true, *I* know you are God born like him,
As good, as great a friend as he; you are
The more Divine *Æneas*: But where is now,
Faithful *Achates*? O

I must confess all that I said was false,
But that which most concern'd you; I love *Herfilia*:
Aye, there it is, that strikes the very root
Of friendship; now I'me sure you can't forgive me,
Nor is it fit you should, I can't forgive my self.
As good and God like as you are you shou'd
Not stand unmov'd thus, like a Temple Idol;
But draw and sheath your Sword here in this breast,
That dar'd to harbour such injurious passion.
Come, Sir, you see how wide my bosome opens
To receive your Justice; I'le meet your Sword,
And pull it home with my own hands, ——
Are you still motionless? I shall not think
You love *Herfilia* as you ought, unless ——
You kill me.

Rom. A Friend, who can confess offending thoughts
And, like you, hate 'em, e're they grow to action,
Pleading against himself, with so much Rigour,
Is still a friend. Our inclinations ——
Are not at our Election; but he, that can
Like you govern his rebel thought by the
Strict rules of Justice and true reason,
Ought to be lov'd, and honoured as a King.
Be reconciled *Hostilius* to your self,
For you are still as dear to me as ever:
Hostilius's Honour and *Herfilia*'s Vertue,
Admit no Jealous scruples.

Host. Is this your Sentence on *Herfilia*'s Lover!
Do you thus treat a Rival? unheard of friendship!
Mark then what *I* decree with better Justice,
For my own Penance. Since you now have known
How false my passions are, how strong that love
That ought not to be nam'd; to free you of suspicion
I'le leave your *Rome*, for voluntary Exile,
And never see again my *Romulus*, nor his *Herfilia*.

Rom. Must *I* be punisht then, because you say
You have offended; must *I* lose so dear
A Friend, because that Friend thinks he has wronged me?
We will not part, *I*'le lose an eye before
Hostilius; no, *I* will hazard all the ills
His love can do me.

Host. Will you out-rival me in Honour too?

Will you not let me have that Mistress free?
O, you are cruel; ——
If you were kind you would not keep me here,
Ever in sight of Heaven, yet in a state
Of such Damnation, I cannot hope
(Nor ought I) to enjoy it.
Rom. I'le woe *Hersilia* to smile upon you;
I know she will for my sake, ——
Host. I dare not trust my self before her smiles,
They will unhinge my vertue, besides
A smile, tho much above my merit, yet to
A love like mine, gives little satisfaction, ——
And yet she ought not to give more, —— and yet, ——
O I am wild, the more I think of this
The more I am confounded. Thus low I beg [*Kneels.*
You'd let me leave you. By all the tyes
Of friendship; by all the love you owe
Hersilia, allow my absence; for only that
Can cure my phrenzy:
Rom. To beg with such concern is to command,
Where the request is to a love like mine.
If you will go *Hostilius*, you have your liberty;
But let this dear embrace, and this, convince you,
That when we separate, you carry with you
The better half of your lov'd *Romulus*.
Host. Witness, sweet Heavens, with what constraint I leave him!
No cause but one cou'd make so sad divorce. ——
To be a Friend, I leave my Friend for ever.
I'le now to unfrequented Woods, and seek
To lose Mankind; for after *Romulus*,
Who wou'd know other Men? and who would see
A Woman that hath once known *Hersilia*?
Farewel thou God of Friendship; once more Farewel. [*Embrace.*
I go imperfect, You keep back my heart:
With such a groan the Soul and body part. [*Exit.*
Rom. He's gone. ——
O sacred power of Love! was e're affection
Like this of his? to quit his Mistress, for his Friend,
Nay more, to quit both Friend and Mistress rather
Than injure me? O truly Noble *Roman*!
Who can his passion in due terms express?
Had he not loved amiss, his love were less.

Enter Herſilia *and* Feliciana, *Attendants.*

Feli. Why did you bring me hither Siſter? Here's no *Hoſtilius.*

Herſ. Wou'd you have dyed in ſilence? Should I let you
Weep by your ſelf, till *I* had loſt my Siſter,
And in a Fountain full of Maiden tears
Found all the poor remains of my *Feliciana.*
You muſt not grieve ſo much, indeed you ſhall not:
Do not *I* ſtand engaged to make you happy?

Feli. Softly, for Heavens ſake: Your Lover's there,
I would not he ſhou'd hear you for the world.

Rom. My dear *Herſilia*! O my only comfort,
I have a Pitious tale to tell my Love,
Hoſtilius my beſt friend, is now my Rival.

Herſ. *Hoſtilius*?

Rom. Yet ſo admir'd a Friend he ſtill remains,
That to ſecure my love, and eaſe his own,
He hath forſaken *Rome*, and given himſelf
To a perpetual Exile. —— *(aſide)* Heart hold a little: Life do not yet forſake me:
The other killing word, and then farewel.

Rom. I'le borrow a few minutes of my Love
To view the works, and give abroad new orders,
And then you ſhall have all the wondrous ſtory. [*Exit.*

Herſ. *Feliciana*! Siſter! do but here me,
O ſhe faints ——

[Feliciana *faints back into one of her Womens Armes.*

Cornelia, *Portia*, *Cloe*,
Give all you help here quickly! O ſhe's gone!
The fatal news was too too rough, her ear
Too tender to endure it: Bend, Bend her forward;
Give her more air: kind Heavens ſhe comes again.

Feli. O too unkind, O cruel *Romulus*,
Was it not death enough for him to tell me
Hoſtilius loves my Siſter ——
But he muſt kill me o're again and ſay,
He's gone for ever? Why do you thus torment me?
Why do you ſhew me *Rome* again, and not
Hoſtilius in it? But I will follow him.
If he be yet in this vexatious world,
I'le find my Love, or loſe my ſelf in ſearching.

If to the world below he be retir'd,
I shall be there almost as soon as he;
The way is easie thither, and I can't miss it.

Herf. Conduct her gently to repose *Cornelia.*
What a surprizing turn was this? Poor Sister?
I have engaged beyond performance for her.
Ye Gods, that favour innocence, be kind;
Keep her wits safe, and cure her troubled mind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Scene, the Sabine *Camp.*

Enter Tarpeia *in Mans Apparel.*

Tarp. FOrgive me Maiden shame, that in this Habit
I seek to ease a Passion, for whose sake
The Gods have taken, more undecent formes.
Yet still I am resolv'd to keep my Honour
Safe and entire, I would but see him once
Again, and then farewell the thought for ever.

Enter a Centry.

Cent. Stand and reveal your self; who are you there?
From whence, and whither going?

Tarp. I come from *Rome*, my business to Lord *Curtius.*
If you can bring me Soldier to his presence,
Take this and this for expedition.

Cent. Gold as I live; if that be all, Sir, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Curtius.

Cur. Hard fate of Lovers! The wounds that I receiv'd
From that *Hostilius*, far less afflict me
Than to discover that he is my Rival;
In vain, I fear, have I procur'd this War
Of *Tatius*, in vain, did I exasperate
The good old Prince against his Daughters Lover,

And vilified the Noble *Romulus*,
If thus the *Roman Hydra*, Love, produces
New heads to be cut off before we Conquer.
Think *Curtius*, think in time, not only how
To gain *Herſilia*, but to ſave thy Honour.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. A Youth attends without from *Rome*, he ſayes
He has affairs to you, and prays admittance.

Cur. Let him Enter, and do you withdraw. [*Exit Sol.*

Enter Tarpeia.

Tarp. Would I were off again; now I ſhould ſpeak,
Heavens! how I am confounded? [*Aſide.*

Cur. Would you with me, young *Roman*?

Tarp. I am imploy'd Sir, from the *Sabine* Ladies,
Now *Roman* Wives, *Herſilia* and ——

Cur. Oh ſpeak that Name again, ſweet youth, and win
My Soul for ever! Is this *Herſilia's* meſſage,
And to me? —— There's Muſick in thy voice.

Tarp. (*aſide*) What means this tranſport? The happy lye, it ſeems,
Is well accepted. —— *Herſilia*, Sir, and all
Your other *Sabine* Beauties now in *Rome*,
Have bid me tell you, and by you, *Tatius*;
Since the kind ties of Love are ſtricter far
Than thoſe of blood, they cannot leave their Husbands;
Nor will they ever think of coming back:
If by your Armes (which yet they cannot fear)
You conquer *Rome*, and make 'em yours again,
You'l force their wills, and do a fouler Rape,
Than that which brought 'em thither.

Cur. Unkind! —— thou art a cunning and diſſembling Boy;
Fie on ſuch early falſhood. Wou'd any one
But ſuch a ſmooth deceitful thing as you,
Have rais'd my hopes, to glorious Expectations,
And ſo ſoon daſh 'em all again to nothing?
Away then *Syren*-Traytor;

Tarp. Would I had never ſeen him,
O I love him more then ever: —— [*Aſide.*

Cur. And is this all you have in charge?

Tarp. No my Lord, *I* bring you news of Love.
Cur. The Villain mocks me!
Tarp. By all the Gods ---- kill me if *I* dissemble ----
Cur. O *Venus*, shou'd this be from dear *Hersilia*!
Love find your eyes again, but this short minute
And be hereafter blind for ever, (*aside.*) —— Tell me
Thou Charming Boy; tell me, my better Genius,
What is the sweet *Intelligence*: Speak, while
A thousand Cupids hovering in the air
Snatch at thy words, and bear 'em, all perfum'd,
About the Heavens.
Tarp. Oh *I* am ruin'd now beyond all cure:
His tender words strike through my very Soul. [*Aside.*
Cur. Will you not speak? Why will you torture me
With these delayes?
Tarp. Whither will this tumultuous passion drive me?
Now *I* am in, it thrusts me headlong on;
And bids me stop at nothing: —— [*Aside.*
The Love, my Lord, comes from a *Roman* Lady,
My unhappy Sister. ——
Cur. Tis gone again the empty shaddow leaves me,
Thy fortune *Curtius* laughs at all thy wishes,
And scorns thy Expectation. —— [*Aside.*
Tarp. She saw you Sir, when you was last at *Rome*.
You came, she saw you there, and was o'recome.
Since as a Captive to your Name and merits,
She knows no joyes, but what must come from you.
Yet is she Noble born, and for her Beauty
Natures not in her debt, nor Fortune for estate:
'Tis she that sent me now to let you know
All her Command and interest in the City,
You may dispose of.
Cur. Hah, this may be of use to my designes. —— [*Aside.*
Must I not know her name?
Tarp. When you shall please first to discover, Sir,
Whether your heart be free of other love.
Cur. I am as free as air. —— Forgive me truth!
Forgive me more Divine *Hersilia*! —— [*Aside.*
Now, Sir, her Name?
Tarp. Tarpeia.
Cur. Her Father has Command o're the West-Gate, ——
Tarp. He has, my Lord, and she as his Lieutenant.

Cur. This is exceeding lucky, —— [*Aside.*
Tell the dear Creature, your adored Sister,
I am all hers; but know not if I have ——
Enough of interest with her to demand
One real favour. ——

Tarp. O speak, my Lord, I have a full Commission;
What e're I grant, she will confirm with joy.

Cur. Be sure of what you say; I may perhaps
Demand a kindness of too great a value:
And yet I would not hazard a denyal ——

Tarp. Be bolder Sir, I'me sure you cannot ask
What she can scruple, ——
Come Sir, what is the mighty tryal?

Cur. It is indeed a tryal of her Love;
Which if she grants, her passion is as mighty,
And well deserves my Love, my Life, my Soul ——
But still I'm not assur'd that she will do't,
And I can't ask in vain. —— :

Tarp. My love grows wild!
I know not how to blush: O fatal hour —— [*Aside.*
By *Venus* and her Son! By all the Oaths
Man can invent, you cannot ask that thing ——

Cur. Hold; I beleive you Sir. Now I'le demand
With confidence; I ask, or rather beg
That she'd deliver up her Gate
To my possession ——

Tarp. You had reason Sir, indeed, so long to question
Whether it wou'd be granted: Who cou'd suspect
That your request shou'd be of such a Nature?
Do Men demand of Maids that would oblige 'em
Favours like this? How e're since my engagement
Has run so high, and her Love, much, much higher,
It shall be done; with only this condition,
That when she gives the Gate to you, you then
Shall give your self to her, for ever, ——

Cur. With Justice: O I will Love her, Marry her,
Adore her, had she no other merits;
She shall be my everlasting Mistress, ——
Give her from me, lov'd Youth, this Ring, pledg of
My heart; and this, this dearer kiss. My Soul's
On torture till I see *Tarpeia*, —— Hark
Be this the hour, and this the word. [*Whispers.*

Tarp. Enough: I'le cauſe a Souldier to attend your motion,
Beyond the Counterſcarp, exactly at the minute.
Cur. Wee'l loſe no time: I'le go immediately,
And form a party, and give abroad new orders: —
Another kiſs to my dear Miſtreſs, and then Farewel, ——
I come *Herſilia*! I am falſe for you;
Forgive me ſacred Honour. [*Aſide.*
[*Exit* Curtius.

Tarp. What have I done?
Betray'd my City and my Honour too.
Unhappy anſwer. But what is the reward?
The Noble *Curtius* Love. For his dear ſake
I'de do it o're again: Betray a hundred *Romes*
As many worlds, — where haſt thou loſt thy ſelf
Tarpeia? Is this a *Roman* mind? O I am ruin'd!
Yet ſince I have begun I muſt go through,
And will; the Dye is caſt, what e're event
Succeeds, fear now is cauſleſs, or too late.
Was this to ſee him once, and only ſee him?
Wou'd I had never made this fatal Journy:
O curſed Female curioſity,
Thou haſt damn'd half my Sex, and half damn'd me! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Pallace.*

Herſilia, Portia, Cloe.

Herſ. IS my dear *Romulus* ſtill abſent, does he
Not yet return? Sure he forgets *Herſilia*:
I cou'd not be ſo very long from him.
Portia, how long is it ſince my Lord parted?
Port. Scarce an hour, Madam.
Herſ. An hour, O falſe diſſembler!
It is a day, a year, an age to me.
How many ages does one hour contain,
When Lovers part! ſomething ſits heavy here;
O *Portia*, *Cloe*, help me to remove it:
A caſe of Lead claps round about my heart,
So cold and heavy. Avert the Omen heaven:
What means this ſudden darkneſs? Do you not
Perceive it?

Cloe. No Madam, 'tis as light to us as ever.
Herſ. Tis night then in my eyes; and well it may
Since they can find no pleaſing object here.
How can I view my Siſter drown'd in tears?
Tears that would ſoften Rocks: How can I hear
Her tender innocent heart break with more groans
Than come from a whole Army dying?
Can I with patience ſuffer this, and yet
My *Romulus*, my only comfort, abſent?
Port. Be leſs afflicted, Madam: Why ſhou'd you make
Your fate worſe than it is, why ſhou'd you meet
The evil hour and help it forward, thus?
Misfortune is too quick in her approaches: ——
Feliciana cannot long continue
In this condition; and for the King,
We know, he's proſperous and well, and not
Far diſtant.
Herſ. O *Portia*, *Portia*! my ill boding thoughts
Carry but too much reaſon ——
I had the other night a fatal dream;
Which tho I ſlighted then, it now returns
Freſh to my memory with all its terrours, —
Methought my *Romulus* and I wandred alone
A long a Meadow, near the ſilver *Tiber*;
Millions of flowers, and numberleſs their colours,
Both by their odour and delightful object,
Inviting us to reſt on the ſoft Verdure,
We ſate; and in a wanton emulation,
Culling the guady treaſure of the Mead,
We deckt each others head and boſome with 'em,
Mixing for every flower as many kiſſes.
Cloe. Thus far 'tis kind; a meer *Elizian* dream.
Herſ. True *Cloe*: But that which follows diſmal —
The cruel River, envyous of our Loves,
Swell'd o're his banks, with ſuch a ſudden floud
We cou'd not poſſibly avoid its fury:
In vain I call'd for help, in vain I ſtrove
To ſave my dear Lords life, as vainly he
To ſave my dearer life, deſpiſed his own,
At laſt, both tyred with ineffectual pains,
We ſunk and dyed Embracing.
Port. It has indeed a ſad concluſion, Madam,

But

But dreams, they say, have a quite different meaning
From what they promise; we may then conclude
Much joy from this, because it seems unhappy.
Hers. Away, and do not flatter me to ruine.
There's but one way I know to turn the Omen,
I'le expiate the fatal dream from my sick fancy. —
Hast to the Temple, *Cloe*, bid the Preist
Prepare the due Lustrations instantly. [*Ex. Cloe.*
When I have clean's'd my self of this foul dream
I'le Sacrifice to all the Genial Powers,
That favour Nuptial Vow's and vertuous Love,
For *Romulus*, my self, and hapless Sister. ——
Port. Heaven cannot be unheedful of such merrits,
When fair *Hersilia* prays the Gods must hear,
Her vertue takes by force what they can give.
Hers. Prophane impertient, I merit nothing,
Yet sure they'l hear me, tho it only be
For *Romulus*, and poor *Feliciana*, ——
Come *Portia*, let us follow to the Temple, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Fort in* Rome.

Romulus, Spuruis Tarpeius.

Rom. I Like your diligence, *Tarpeius*, well:
You keep your Forts well Man'd, and in good order.
The Enemy can never force us here.
Tarp. I wou'd not live too see that fatal hour,
When all my faculties of soul and body,
Shou'd not appear continually imploy'd
To do my Prince and Country their best service,
Rom. Spoke like a worthy Souldier, and true *Roman.*
Oh, *Tarpeius*, how great a loss have I?
Were it not for my dear *Hersilia*,
Who still remains, this world had nothing in it
Worth a mans living for. My friend! my friend!
Tarp. Hostilius?
Rom. Who but *Hostilius*?
Tarp. He is not dead?
Rom. To me and *Rome* he is, or rather we
Are dead without him, he was the very soul

Of friendship, life of Love, and the true Sun
Of Noble action. O! he has left us now
Tarpeius, but in so generous a manner,
That even his absence speaks more love to me
Than all the ever dear Remembrance
Of his past actions, sumn'd together. — Hah!
What sudden noise is this?

[*A noise without, clashing of Swords, and crying Treason*, &c.

Enter a Souldier bloody.

Sold. O save your self betimes, great Sir; away,
Or you are lost for ever, the Forts betray'd:
The out-Guard, corrupted by some treacherous Devil,
Let in the Enemy, who pouring on us
With treble numbers, cut to peices all
That will not yeild to mercy ——

Rom. Tarpeius! ——

Tarp. I cannot answer Sir, to your too just
Suspitions, but I can dye to shew
I am no Villain ---- (*Draws* ----) I abhor their favour.
And scorn my life, since it is now unuseful

[*Is going to fall on his Sword.*

Rom. Hold ——
If you are Loyal as you'd make me think,
Why shou'd not we two beat a thousand Traytors.
Second me ——

[*Draws.*

Enter Curtius *and Souldiers.*

Cur. Romulus here! Fortune thou art too kind!
I have not only won the stake intended,
But got a By more worth than all the City,

Rom. Stay degenerate, *Sabine*:
Base as thou art to gain advantage by
Unmanly Treason, you have not yet
Subdu'd the Fort, while I am here and can
Command a Sword, you'l find one *Romulus*
More than a hundred narrow soul'd *Plebeians*.

Tarp. Nor shall my Prince engage or fall alon
He still has left one Souldier who desires
No greater Glory than to dye thus,
Fighting by his dear side, for whom he lived.

Cur. (*To* Rom.) I know you have been always brave, and now
Are desperate: I know you both wou'd die
Like Souldiers fighting; but you shall not ——

Take 'em alive, and disarm the Mad-men, [*To his Soldiers.*
[*They all fight,* Rom. *and* Tarp. *are incompass'd and disarm'd.*
Convey 'em now to stricter Guards, and keep 'em several.
Rom. Poor and ignoble! Thou art below a Man:
I scorn to lose my words on such a Brute.
[Rom. *and* Tarp. *are led off.*
Cur. Be it your Province, *Fabius*, to acquaint
The General with our success: Tell him
That I desire he would be with us quickly:
Tell him the Cities all alarm'd and the
Streets barricado'd, yet if he lose no time
Ther's such confusion, they cannot possibly
Hold long against us; but delay is fatal ——
Away with speed: Fly —— [*Ex. Soldiers.*
Did he not say I am below a Man,
Poor and ignoble? Is that my Character?
Too true, alas, I find it, ——
Thou hast too much of reason, Noble *Roman*,
Methinks I hate my self, for the vile office.
And yet I Love *Hersilia* to madness:
To gain that mighty prize, I must be deaf:
To the nice rule of honour, made by fools,
Thus I must win her or for ever lose her.
Enter Tarpeia *in her own Apparel.*
Tarp. My Lord the Fort is now intirely yours, and all
The Guards secur'd. Yet still there does remain
One dear Command that waits for your possession.
Cur. Where? Shew me the place ——
Tarp. 'Tis no part of the works, but she that did Command 'em.
Be not so strange my Love, 'tis I, that made
The Fortress yours, wait to be yours my self.
Come my brave Conquerour: My greater *Mars*,
Receive those Joyes from me which *Venus* gave
Her God of war, when he arriv'd at *Paphos* ——
What means this silence, sure you do not know me.
I am *Tarpeia:* She that gave you all
You now possess in *Rome*, her Fathers Gate,
Her Father, self, and honour, yet thinks not all
Too dear to buy your Love, — Sure now you know me.
Cur. Yes I do know you, Madam, you have given more
Than I indeed cou'd hope, and still wou'd more
Than I desire. [*Coldly.*

Tarp. How, Sir, have you already loſt
The memory of your late vows? Is it ſo long
Since you obliged your ſelf, (if words have force)
On the condition, which you now poſſeſs,
To make me yours by Marriage? Am not I
The ſame *Tarpeia* ſtill?
Cur. You are; but I
Not the ſame *Curtius*. Your beauty is your blemiſh,
And what you urge for merit ſhews you foul,
I cannot love a Traytreſs.
Tarp. Let me hear this from *Rome*, and from my Father,
From you it is inhumane! I cou'd endure your Sword
With better eaſe, kill me, and expiate thus
The Crime of too much Love.
Cur. Kill you? I wou'd not be ſo baſe to rule
The world: No, live, live to repent your ſhame
But do not think of me, I cannot Love
And therefore will not marry.
Tarp. Thunder is muſick in my ears to this ——
Thou moſt unkind yet beſt beloved of Men
What have I done to be ſo ſoon forgotten? [*Weeps.*
Are my obleigments leſs by being acted?
Has ſome *Serene* blaſted my Maiden beauty?
Am I grown old oth' ſudden, my eyes dead
My cheeks all withered, nothing of the Roſe
Left there, but wrinckles? —— Come my Lord, I know
This is not real, you do but try my temper, ——
When will you ſmile?
Cur. I am in earneſt, do not torment your ſelf
Or me, with further pleading, your words are loſt.
Tarp. Are neither words nor tears of force to make you kind?
Look Sir, a Lady kneels, thus low,
She ſues to you, ſhe for whoſe Love of late,
The braveſt Youth of *Rome* have ſued in vain.
Cur. Herſilia, may not this deſerve you? Who
But I cou'd have neglected ſuch an object? [*Aſide.*
Tarp. Thou Rock! thou more inflexible than deſtiny!
Say, cruel man, if it becomes thee well,
To ſee a Loving Lady kneel ſo long,
And yet —— and yet, not raiſe her.
Cur. Pray riſe ——
Tarp. Shall I, to your affection? Will you Love me?

Cur. No; I cannot.

Tarp. Then I wil grow a Statute, and kneeling thus
Be an eternal Monument of your injustice,

Cur. Pray leave me, and forget me ever; hence forth
I will endeavour never to see you more.

Tarp. Never to see me more, O perjur'd man!
False as the winds and Seas, which every minute
Alters! Thou rude *Babarian*! A *Roman* would
Have sooner dyed, than thus, have wrong'd one of my Sex.

Cur. This is too much for man to hear unmov'd,
Something within pricks at my heart, I feel
It made of flesh —— [*Aside.*

Tarp. Have I for this betray'd
My Country, Father, nay by the event, my Prince,
And made the sweet *Hersilia* a Widdow?

Cur. Ha! that name revives me, and clears up all
The clouds of pity, that begun to geather —— [*Aside.*
How long will you torment me? Leave for shame
To be impertinent, unwelcome Woman.

Tarp. Wilt thou not break with this? O heart, too, too
Enduring. [*Still on the ground and weeping.*

Enter Tatius.

Tat. Your Messenger has told me, *Curtius*,
Of your success, and how you are successful:
I like the event, but disaprove the means:
'Tis base to gain by Treason. But since 'tis done,
We must not lose the advantage. ——
What Woman's this, and why in such a posture?

Cur. Neglect her Sir; she is not worth your knowledge.

Tarp. O do me justice, Sir, if you Command
The *Sabines*, shew your self fit for rule and do me Justice.

Tat. Rise, and now speak with assurance; shou'd your cause,
Concern my self, *I*'de do you right severely.

Tarp. I am the unhappy Daughter of *Tarpeius*,
I need not tell you that he held this Fort,
Till I betray'd it to this perjured Man,
Who now denys me his dear purchased Marriage.

Tat. Thou hast condemn'd thy self, unworthy Maid.
Why should you hope that Faith or Love from him
Which you deny'd your Father and your Country!
A Traytors Sentence shou'd be your, in Justice
'Tis mercy lets you live, and gives you freedom ——

Shew me the works, and then to *Romulus*. [*To Curtius.*

[*Exit* Tatius, Curtius.

Tarp. Slighted, deſpiſed, unpityed, and is this
All the reward the *Sabines* give for treaſon?
O curſt deceiver, curſt be the hour *I* ſaw him;
And curſt be I for ſeeing! O damn'd, damn'd Love
That found out ſuch a Villain! but this is idle;
So are all words; blood and revenge inſpire me,
Something I'le do to cleanſe my ſully'd name;
Or with my life loſe all the the ſenſe of ſhame. [*Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCENE I. *A Priſon.*

Romulus *Solus.*

THE world and I ſhould be at even terms,
Weary of one another, wear it not for
My dear *Herſilia*: While ſhe is here
I cannot think of dying: My Heaven's in *Rome*.
'Tis ſhe that holds my hand, and bids me live,
Or elſe I'le quickly give my ſelf the freedom,
Which theſe falſe *Sabines* have deny'd me. ---- Ha!
Do I dream waking? Or am *I* really aſleep
And fancy this fair viſion, like *Herſilia*?

Enter. Herſilia.

Herſ. My deareſt Lord! are you not much ſurprized, [*Embracing.*

Rom. Extreamly, almoſt as much ſurprized as pleaſed,

Herſ. Ill news has wings: I ſoon heard this misfortune.
'Twas death to me to be a minute from you.
Attended by one Servant only, I flew hither,
Some ſmall acquaintance, and a greater bribe
Open'd the Guard, and once again I ſee
My *Romulus*, my life! but time admits
Few words, you ſhall not dwell in this Confinement:

Rom. Had you the Priſon keys, *I* know *I* ſhould not.

Herſ. Let us retire, and change our habits quickly:
You ſhall return in mine, and leave me here.

Rom. Never till now could *I* deny *Herſilia*;
I muſt not now obey you, Sweet; nor Love,
Nor honour will permit it, No, *I* will dye

A thousand deaths, a thousand several wayes
Sooner than leave you here.
Herſ. I beg it.
Rom. O do not beg that I ſhould Love you leſs,
Ask not ſo much injuſtice.
Enter Tatius, Curtius.
Tat. Did you not ſay he was alone, how came
This Woman with him? [*To* Curtius.
Cur. Ha! *Herſilia*? I am amaz'd. [*Aſide.*
Tat. My Daughter here! Heavens, I am more ſucceſsful,
Than I expected, —— *Curtius* the war is ended
Nothing remains but Execution now,
In thoſe two Criminals. —— Do you not feel
A terrour at my ſight, can I appear
Leſs frightful, then your evil genius to ye!
Have you forgot the injured *Tatius*, or
The Crime which you ſo late committed?
Rom. I never knew what terrour was; leſs now
Than ever, ——
If it becomes you to inſult on this
Baſe gain'd advantage, it does not me to fear.
Tat. It leaſt of all becomes a Man of Honour,
To do like *Romulus*; Raviſh invited Maids,
And then out-brave the Juſtice, that attends,
The foul, falſe, treacherous act.
Rom. Speak better of ſuch acts ſince they are yours.
You had not now been here, nor I compell'd
To hear ſuch Language, were it not for Treaſon.
Tho you, I ſee, have loſt your temper, Sir,
I muſt not loſe the due reſpect I owe
Herſilia's Father, elſe I ſhould tell you
How falſly that is called a Rape, which was
Conſent, free and without Compulſion.
Tat. That which you call conſent, does not at all
Make you leſs guilty, but my Daughter more.
It ſhewes her to have been Confederate
In her own Rape, a party in the Crime,
Equally guilty with her Raviſher:
And ſince by natures Law the Parent has
An abſolute Dominion, o're his iſſue,
How cou'd ſhe give her ſelf away to any,
And not rob me? this is your Sentence then.

(And were you both as dear to me as my two eyes,
I wou'd not bate the rigour, of true Justice)
Since you have both been actors in a Crime
Abhorr'd by Nature, ye shall both die togeather,
You for your Rape, You for your Disobedience.
Hers. Both die, O cruel Father! Sir, I yeild
To your just sentence on your Daughter: I know
I have offended; much, much offended,
In daring to bestow my Love without
Your knowledge; nay, where I knew you hated.
I'me very guilty, Sir, and over me,
I know, you have the power of life and death,
Use it freely: You have condemn'd me justly,
But on my kees I beg, that *I* alone,
May dye, and not the noble *Romulus*.
'Twas *I* that moved him to the Rape you mention.
Who would refuse a Ladies offer'd Love?
Besides consider, Sir, he is a Prince,
At least, your equal, his life's not in your power:
The Law of Arms allows him to be ransom'd.
Rom. Hear this you Goddesses, and take Example
From a weak mortals Love! thou Miracle,
Of Conjugal affection, why should you injure
Your own innocence so highly, and all
To favour one, who ought not to be pitty'd,
Since he has been the occasion of your ruine? ——
'Tis *I*, great Sir, 'tis *I* am only guilty;
Take in my blood your full revenge, but spare
The innocent; *I* gladly yeild to death,
I'le quit you too from all aspertion,
I'le say you are not cruel, not unjust,
If she may live ——
Tat. My Sentence is irrevocable,
And you have both confest enough to clear
Me of injustice: You shall both die.
Rom. Spare your own blood, Sir, Tygers will not prey
On their own young one's; let it not be said
By mourning Lovers, who shall hear this story,
Hersilia, sweet *Hersilia* had no fault
But that she was the inhumane *Tatius*, Daughter.
Hers. O plead no more for me my dearest Husband,
If you must die *I* will not live, without you.

'Twere cruelty to think it, — (*To* Tatius) Sir, I beſeech you,
Regard not what he ſays, if when he dies
You will be ſo unkind to ſpare my life,
I can find ways enough to follow him:
Should you be ſtill more cruel, and prevent me,
Yet grief would quickly break my heart, in pity.
Tat. It ſhall not need: —— No, you ſhall die together.
Truſt me I am afflicted for you both,
But I muſt grieve in ſilence; ſacred Juſtice
Is far more dear to me than my own life: ——
See the effects of Raſh, unthinking Love!
Take your eternal farewel of each other
This hour is yours, the next you are no more.
Curtius attend me. [*Exeunt* Tat. Cur.

[Romulus *and* Herſilia *remain ſilent a while.*

Rom. Tatius, (I cannot ſay your Father) Madam,
Permits me the ſad favour, e're we part,
To take my everlaſting farewel of you.
But with what face can I approach *Herſilia?*
Or with what eye can ſhe behold the wretch
Unto whoſe fatal Love ſhe owes her ruine?
O had you rather choſen a poor Cottage,
Than my unhappy Pallace, a *Sabine* Shepheard
Before the King of *Rome*, you had not then
Known this ſad change, nor I the ſenſe of ſuch
A guilt, that wracks my very Soul to pieces.
Herſ. How long has *Romulus* loſt that great Soul,
Which he received from a Cœleſtial Father?
For yielding thus to fate, ſure he has loſt it.
Unduly ſhou'd we uſe, my deareſt Lord,
Thoſe ſmall remains of life, that ſtill are left us
By ſuch ill tim'd complaints, as theſe, to whet
That grief, which has but too much edge already.
What have I done, that you ſhou'd think I value
This ſevere turn of fortune, when compar'd
To your dear Love? O baniſh the falſe thought.
My paſſion ſees in you ſomething more great
Than Crowns, ſomething above the power of fate:
'Tis *Romulus* I Love, and not Dominion.
Rom. Ye Gods! why ſhould I live beyond this moment?
Let me die pleas'd, now, now, before her feet,
From whom I hear ſuch words. When I conſider

The never equall'd Love of my *Herſilia*,
And what I loſe, rage and deſpair poſſeſs me.
What man can think that ſo Divine a Soul
Muſt leave that fair abode, unjuſtly too,
And in his heart at the ſame time not feel
Compaſſion ſharper than the Tyrants Steel?

Herſ. Why ſhou'd you be concern'd, where I am not?
I kiſs my ſentence, whatſoever it be,
To live or die, it is the ſame thing to me.
Shou'd I appear to weep, Judge when I do,
Whether thoſe tears fall for my ſelf or you.

Rom. No more, my Love; O ſpare a breaking heart,
You peirce my Soul in the moſt tender part.
O rather flatter my credulity;
Tell me to ſave your life, that I muſt die:
If at that price your ſafety cou'd be bought,
How bleſt were I! there's Heaven in ſuch a thought!

Herſ. My *Romulus* is in his Love ſevere;
He'd be a God alone, and leave me here.
Much kinder was my Father in that breath
That ſpoke our fate; he Marry'd us in death.
O happy, happy Sentence! when we die,
With equal pace, we'l both aſcend the ſkie:
While, as we mount, Mortals, that ſee the Ray
Of our United flames out-ſhine the day,
Shall call us happy Lovers, envy us,
And think no joyes of Love like dying thus.

Rom. The Gods, the Gods invite us up, I know:
Something within me ſayes it muſt be ſo.
Let us make haſte my Love, and leave behind
The names to which this world as been unkind:
I will be thy *Quirinus*, thou ſhalt be
Hebe, the ever fair, and young, to me.
When ſeated in our new Cœleſtial ſtate,
How we ſhall ſmile at *Tatius* and his hate.
All *Romans* with our favours we will bleſs,
But be moſt kind to Lovers in diſtreſs.

Herſ. No mournful youth in vain ſhall ſhed a tear,
No hapleſs Maid ſhall ſigh, but we will hear.

Rom. We'l eaſe their inward wounds, heal their deſpair,
And againſt fate fight for the brave and fair.

Herſ. But where a matchleſs pair of Loves I find

Wrong'd

Wrong'd by a Parent, cruelly unkind,
I'le her *Herſilia* call, him *Romulus*:
We needs muſt favour them, for they are us.

Rom. We wrong our ſelves, and all our joys delay,
Let's ſeek out death, and meet fate half the way.

Herſ. Come my dear Lord —— [*Taking his hand.*
Thus Joyn'd we'l riſe to a Divinity:
'Tis death to live, when 'tis ſo ſweet to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Scene the Pallace in* Rome. *A Couch.*

Cornelia, Cloe.

Cloe. WHat's to be done, *Cornelia*? We are loſt
Methinks like travellers, that loſe their guides,
Unknowing both the Language and the Country.
Romulus they have made Captive, *Herſilia*
Will have no Liberty without him, but gives her ſelf
To the ſame Priſon freely; yet ſhou'd I tell
Her Siſter this, it would but more undoe her.

Cor. Poor Lady! ſince *Hoſtilius* went from *Rome*,
She is no longer ſhe, we have loſt her too.

Cloe. I have a Captain, my moſt obedient ſervant,
(Tho I confeſs he does me little ſervice,
He being now continually on duty,)
I'de be content to loſe my man for ever
Could I but bring *Hoſtilius* back to give
The harmleſs Maid her pretty wits again.

Cor. In an ill hour the *Romans* have committed
That which our Parents call a Rape, ah thus
Our men themſelves ſo ſoon are Raviſht from us.

Cloe. But who Raviſh't *Hoſtilius*? Nothing but his own
Heroick Friendſhip. A ſhame take theſe Honourable intrigues,
They cauſe more harm than good: all our misfortunes
Are owing to his abſence.

Cor. Cloe, no more ——
See where ſhe comes with ſuch a pitty'd air,
In her diſtracted innocence, that makes me weep to ſee her.

Enter Feliciana.

Feli. Why did you tell me, *Cornelia*, that my Siſter
Is rid away behind *Hoſtilius*? Indeed you are to blame.

For tho I know, he does not love me, I'me sure
Herstilia wou'd not do it for a Kingdome.
Yet were it true, cou'd you be so unkind
To tell it me?

Cor. I never said it, Madam.

Feli. I ask your pardon heartily, *Cornelia*:
It was not you indeed. —— See where my Sister
Stands yonder, sorting pretty Pinks, and Dasies,
With Violets and yellow Crocus's,
To make a wedding Garland for *Hostilius*,
Yet will not give me one poor flower among 'em.
No matter, I have Roses of my own
Enough to strew me when I'm dead.

SINGS.

White as the Lilly will she lye
When the foolish Maid shall die,
For she carry'd with her, her Viginity:
O fie, O fie.

—— Is not that *Cloe*?

Cor. Yes Madam.

Feli. Then it is not my Sister, I knew so much
Already, tho you think I know nothing.

Cloe. When will you try to sleep dear Madam!

Feli. O *Cloe* I shall never sleep again.
Hostilius will not let me sleep, least I
Should dream of him — Is not that unkind?

Cor. Pray try what charmes there are in Musick, Madam.

Feli. Let it be mournful then, for should they play
A Cheerful air, and I so merry as I am,
T'wou'd make me mad —— ha, ha, ha, ha ——
But tis no matter, I'le sit down here and weep.

[*Soft Musick.*

No more, I hate these Viols: *Hostilius* is a Souldier
Let me hear voices: Sing a Trumpet tome.

SONG. [*To a Martial Air.*

Make hast fair Queen of Cyprus, *tarry not:*
Have you the impatient Love of Mars *forgot?*
He bleeds, he bleeds, from wounds unseen,
That know no cure but such a Queen.
You are the only Surgeon has the art,
To cure a God that's wounded in the heart.

See, the fair Queen of Cyprus *does appear,*
While all the wither'd beauties of the year
Start up and ſmile, to feel her bring,
Something more welcome than the Spring.
The Roſe and Jeſſamine, perfume the air,
Yet do her Garlands take their ſweetneſs from her hair.
She comes, ſhe comes, ſhe comes a Lovers pace
With all the ſmiles of Heaven in her face.
Chorus. *Why ſhould not than the brave be fortunate?*
Why ſhou'd the fair be hapleſs in their Love?
When the Cœleſtial powers that rule their fate
Keep ſuch a kind intelligence above?

Feli. Fetch me a *Roman* Pile, and *Sabine* Shield,
I'le after the ungrateful Runegade, [*Starting up.*
And force him back to duty — alas, alas,
Laugh at me good *Cornelia*, prithee laugh.
Can I force him whom mighty *Cupid* could not?
I ſaw the little God ſhoot all his Arrows at him,
And ſtill *Hoſtilius* fenced, and fenced, and fenced
'Em all away; and ſtill as they came,
He filcht them all into his own Quiver.
At laſt the boy ſate down and wept for having loſt
His Arrows: But what did I?
I went up boldly to the pretty Child,
And ſtrok't him thus; be comforted ſaid I, [*Stroaks* Cor.
I'le give thee new Artillery, ſweet infant:
I'le give my boy a Quiver full of ſighs.
At this the Urchin ſmil'd: Ah! fooliſh Girl, ſaid he,
Sighs are indeed a ſort of Arrows, but they
Can only wound her breaſt that ſhoots 'em.
Cor. and *Cloe.* Dear Madam try to ſleep once more.
Feli. I will, I will, I will, I will, —— [*Sits down again.*
But then you muſt not ſing another Trumpet;
I hate the thought of war, *Hoſtilius* is
Too much a Soldier! Sing any thing but that,
And I will try to ſleep in earneſt.

SONG.

Where art thou God of dreams; for whoſe ſoft chain
The beſt of Mankind ever do complain;
Since they affect to be thy Captives before Liberty,
Unkind and diſobliging Deity!

He flies from Princes and from Lovers Eyes
Yet every night with the poor Shepheard lies?

Shew thy self now a God, and take some care
Of the distressed Innocent and fair.
To rest, to rest, dispose the pitty'd Maid, her eye-lids close
Gently, as evening dews shut up the Rose:
Then bear in silent whispers to her ear
Such pleasing words as Virgins love to hear.

Cloe. She sleeps, she sleeps, *Cornelia*! Happy minute.
Let us withdraw, for fear we should disturb
The blessed slumber.

[*They come forward, and the Scene shuts upon* Feliciana.

Cloe. But while our care's imploy'd here for *Feliciana*,
We must not lose the memory of *Hersilia*.
We are obliged in Honour to find some means
To free the Noble Lovers.

Cor. Poor *Cloe*, what are we weak helpless Maids,
To attempt so brave and act, when all the force
In *Rome* can hardly, hope to do it?

Enter Portia, *weeping*.

Port. If you have any tears in store, now, now
Is the sad fatal hour arriv'd to spend 'em.
If you have eyes, shew it, and weep; for mine
Already are quite lost in sorrows ——
The Noble *Romulus*, and his *Hersilia*,
That Glorious pair of Captives, are by *Tatius*,
(O cruel *Sabine*, O scandal of our Nation)
Sentenc'd to death: and now the cursed minute
Comes on apace, when the inhumane Sentence
Must have a more inhumane Execution.

Cloe. So sad a tale, as this, tho but a fiction,
Cannot be heard without some tears? [*Weeps.*
For sure, my *Portia*, you but dissemble with us,
Or if you be in earnest, yet *Tatius*, is not:
He cannot be so barbarous.

Port. Oh never hope it, he is grown a Monster:
Justice the best of vertues is in him
The worst of vices, since he can act
A cruelty like this, and call it Justice.

Cloe. And is this true? Happy *Feliciana*,

Whoſe want of ſenſe ſecures her from this new ſorrow:
Wou'd I too were diſtracted.

Cor. I will not be ſo vain to wiſh, where I
Can rule my fate: I'le die with my dear Lady.
I need no other Tyrant then my grief:
Sorrow ſhall do the part of *Tarus* to me.

Port. I love my Queen as much as any can,
I cou'd indure a thouſand priſons for her;
Suffer a thouſand ſorrows, nay I could wiſh,
Wiſh heartily, that I were dead to ſave her.
But when I think I am a dying,
Oh how I tremble. Death is a thing of ſuch
An ugly form, ſo old, and full of horror,
It never can agree with a young Virgins fancy.

Cloe. How poor a thing it is to be a woman;
Ah helpleſs ſex! we have deſires, yet ſtill
Want power to act them. Come my ſad Companions,
Let us all try to melt away in tears:
In ſuch a death no frightful ſhape appears.
Inſenſibly we ſhall be eaſed from care,
As Eccho once, in ſighs diſſolv'd to air. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Hoſtilius,

Hoſt. I Cannot go out of the ſight of *Rome.*
How long have I been wandring to no pupoſe?
Like ſtrangers ſtraying in a wood, I think
To Travel forward, but am indeed
Brought back, inſenſibly to my firſt ſtation.
Sure ſomething is forgot; ſhou'd not I ſee
Herſilia, 'ere I part? It muſt be ſo,
Goodmanners ſay I ſhou'd. O I dare not
To ſee her, is to ſtay for ever here
And loſe my generous thought; my boaſted friendſhip.
No, I will on: I'le ſpur my reſty Nature,
And make the dull Jade travel forward, forward;
It is a glorious journy, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Enter Tarpeia, *in Mans Apparel, but different from the former.*

Tarp. 'Tis requiſite, I ſhould redeem my honour

In

In the ſame garb I loſt it; my deſigne,
Is much too Maſculine for my own habit.
O *Curtius*, *Curtius*, that I cou'd remove thee
From *Rome*, and from the world, with as much eaſe
As from *Tarpeia's*, much abuſed affection.
But let it be: The greater difficulty,
The greater glory. Wert thou arm'd with thunder,
Fenced with a wall of Adamant, and Seas
Deeper and feircer, than the *Adriatick*,
I'de find a way to thy perfidious heart;
And tell thee there what's due from injur'd Love.

Enter Hoſtilius.

Hoſt. How much in vain do we reſolve to act
What fate forbids? The Gods have drawn a line,
And tho I ſtrain and ſummon all my powers,
They hold me back; and laugh at my endeavors:
I muſt not, cannot paſs the fatal limits.
Rome I am thine again! The Gods that bring me here
Let them preſerve my Honour.

Tarp. Now fortune, if thou art a Goddeſs, help me.
Honour, if thou art more then a bare name,
Aſſiſt me, ſince I act not for revenge
Alone, but *Romulus* my injured King.

Hoſt. Ha! did not that boy name *Romulus*? I cannot
Hear that dear name, but I muſt wiſh to ſee him ——
You mentioned, Youth, the King: Is he this way?

Tarp. Where has the brave *Hoſtilius* been to ask
That queſtion? Can *Romulus* be a Captive,
And he, his neareſt friend, not know it?

Hoſt. What do I hear? Speak out thou fatal Meſſenger
Of killing news; delay me not with queſtions,
But anſwer mine directly. Where is my King, My *Romulus*?

Tarp. In the Weſt-Tower, a Captive there to *Tatius*.

Hoſt. Was this the cauſe *I* could not go from *Rome*?
Was it for this my ſteps forſook my conduct,
And erring right, have wandred back again?
O ſacred Providence, I now adore thee! ——
Admire not boy, that I'm a ſtranger here,
I have been abſent, a Truant from the City;
And now returning, yet for a private reaſon
I've ſhun'd the ſight and ſpeech of all *I* met. ——
But one word more for *I* am call'd to action

How

How has this news agreed with fair *Hersilia*?
And where is she? —
Tarp. A Prisoner with her Husband.
Freely she gave her self to the same fetters.
She lov'd too well to be at large without him.
Host. And is the sweet *Hersilia* too a Captive?
What *Romulus* and his *Hersilia* too!
Fortune invites me to the greatest Glory,
To Sacrifice my life, or free at once,
The two most lov'd by me of all Mankind.
Tarp. (*Aside.*) I've ruin'd my own project; O! he'l prevent me,
And I shall never get again my honour,
Nor give a due revenge to injur'd Love,
Shou'd I be thus defeated. (*To* Hostilius,) However, tho
Affairs are very desperate, yet I
Have form'd a way to free the Noble Lovers:
I beg the brave *Hostilius* would permit it.
Host. Heavens! This is another Rival: *Hersilia's* beauty
Makes all Mankind, of every age, adore.
How fate has spited me? altho *I* know
He loves my Mistress, yet such a Rival Child
Is much below my notice. —— [*Aside.*
Thou form a way to free 'em, —— alas, poor boy!
Who owns this stragling Child? —— Go home good boy,
Go home and comfort thy fond Mother. ——
Thou free the Noble Lover's: What darst thou do to free 'em?
Tarp. Sir, tho I think, *I* dare as much as any,
Encounter fire and water, fight against all
The Elements, endure a thousand wounds,
And every wound, a several death; yet what
I have designed is not to be effected
By over daring, but by address and wit.
Force is too desperate, my way is sure,
If you, not ruine all by acting rashly,
Suffer me then to act alone, *I* beg it,
The Honour Sir of my whole life's concern'd.
Host. His honour? 'tis so, aye he must love *Hersilia*,
He could not else be so concern'd and earnest. —— [*Aside.*
Thy Honour Boy! whats that, who ever heard
Of a Boys Honour?
Tarp. My Love, my life, and my revenge will suffer.
Host. His Love, Horror! [*Aside.*

It is an impudent request, that I [To Tarp.
Should stand unactive in a cause like this. —
Thy honour suffer! Dam it: Mine will more,
As infinitely more,
As there is difference 'twixt my Love and thine.
Go poor effeminate Creature; use thy ways
Of fraud and treachery, fit for boys or women.
I'le be a Man, and force the prison open. [Exit.

Tarp. He'l ruine my design infallibly,
Unless I give it speedy Execution:
I must effect it then, while he is drawing
A party up for the assault, or never.
He must lose time, but *I* can't spare one minute.
Fortune assist me: Revenge and hate inspire me. [Exit.

Scena ultima, The Fort.

Enter Curtius *and* Tarpeius.

Cur. I'Ve open'd all my heart *Tarpeius* to you,
Because *I* know your interest with *Romulus*:
You can prevail with him: You see what power
I have to make my offers good. — *Tatius*
Has given this Fort to me, and *I* have here
An absolute Command, since he return'd back to the Camp.

Tarp. You have indeed made me a large Confession,
But I'me not sure I understand you right,
I think you say you love the fair *Hersilia*;
And as a means to gain her wrought this war,
And got my Fort by Treason. —

Cur. True.

Tarp. You tell me, she and *Romulus* are both
To die, Condemn'd by *Tatius* for the Rape:
But notwithstanding, if I'le prevail with him
To quit *Hersilia* to your love, you'l give
Him Liberty, and me my Fort again. —

Cur. Most willingly.

Tarp. I think you said you never lov'd the Treason
But for *Hersilia*'s sake. That 'twas my Daughter
Betray'd the Gate, for which alone you hate her,
And fain would give it back on these conditions. —

Cur. Most true.

Tarp. No, hate my Daughter still, hate her as much
As I do; It is the only act of all thy life,
That shews thee good or brave; Know thou most vile
Of all the *Sabines*, that the King of Rome
Has not so poor Soul, but he had rather
Lose twenty thousands lives, than but one thought
(The least of all his thoughts) for his *Herfilia*.

Cur. And will you not perswade him?

Tarp. Yes: Where he not already fixt I would
Perswade him, and use all means, all Arguments
To settle him in such a Resolution.
'Tis well for thee, I am thy Prisoner, *Curtius*;
Had I my Liberty, and Sword again
I'de answer in another phrase, and tell
Thy heart, what 'tis to tempt a *Roman* to
So base an action.

Cur. Are you so brave; Ho there without; who waits

Enter Guard.

Take him and guard him strictly, on your lives
Let him not speak to any, nor be seen.

[*Exeunt Guard and* Tarp.

I'me at a loss, my best design is blasted,
Yet I'le not give it o're, *Herfilia's* Love
Has joyes enough to recompence, a thousand crosses.

Enter a Souldier and Tarpeia.

Sol. Yonder's my Captain, Sir, at leisure too,
But you must leave your Sword with me.

Tarp. Take it. ——— [*Gives her Sword.*
Hail to the Noble *Curtius*, if you be he?
I have affairs that touch you very nearly.

Cur. I am the man, if they concern my life;
Speak boldly.

Tarp. They do, and what's more near, your love.

Cur. Speak softly, Boy. The very name of love
Hath something in't so sacred, it requires
A private ear and ought not to be heard
By any unconcern'd; the profane vulgar.
Withdraw, and suffer none whoever, to
Approach this way, till I give notice. [*To the Soldier.*

[*Ex. Sold.*

Tarp. It is indeed a mighty secret Sir,
And we can't be too private.

Cur. True Boy, —— [*Locks the door.*
Now speak.
Tarp. I am sent hither from the fam'd *Sybilla*
Cur. About my Love? Ay, Ay, I do not doubt it.
'Tis such a strong and violent passion, Boy,
The Gods may well take notice of it.
What says the Prophetess? Did she not name
Hersilia in the Message? If she did not,
O never speak it to me; all other words
Are discords in my ear.
Tarp. She did, she did,
She nam'd the sweet *Hersilia* often,
And said, ---- But first, see my Credentials, *Curtius.*
Look Sir, this is her hand, and this, no, this.

§ *She gives him a Letter, and as he is opening it to read, she comes up, and looking over his left Shoulder, as if she would instruct him in something, whips out his Sword.*

Turn hither Monster, and behold thy Hell,
Before you feel the flames. —— I am *Tarpeia.*
Nay stir not, or by all the Gods, and all
The Devils, like thy self, I'le nail thee to
The ground: tho I am a Woman, yet I am
Inspir'd with all the force and fury now of twenty men.
Cur. It is the very She,
What a dull beast was I not to suspect
That face! my Love transported me to ruine. [*Aside.*
Tarp. Tremble, and hear me thou inhumane Villain.
I come prepar'd to take a full revenge ——
For all my slighted Love, my ruin'd honour,
For *Romulus*, my Country, and my Father.
I value not my life, when I have thine
I'le give mine freely up to any torment.
Cur. How have I wrong'd you, Madam? You know too well,
Our passion's not at our own choice, if fate
Has pointed your love this way, mine to another,
It is your fate too wrong'd you, and not *I.*
Tarp. Unheard of impudence! face of a Devil!
Can you say this to me? To me who have
Betray'd my King, my Country, Father, All,
For thee perfidious wretch: 'Tis not thy Love
I value now, but seek for my lost honour: ——

Didst thou not swear, thy Love was free? and by
That specious bait tempt me to be a Devil.
Give me my faith again I owe my Country;
Give me again my Innocence, false man,
Make me no traytor. —— O it can not be!
My nam's all over fully'd, black, black, as Hell, ——
But I will wash it in thy blood: I'le search
The fountain of thy veins, suck thy hearts blood,
Then knaw the flesh into a thousand peices,
And grieve the diet will not last for ever.

Cur. Where are my Guards? O that they knew my danger!
Will no kind *Demon* tell 'em —— Ho! without.

Tarp. Nay if you open, Hell-hound, then have at thee.
[*Makes at him, he strives to defend himself, but is wounded.*

Cur. Yet spare my life and I will pardon all.
I'le Love thee too, give back the Fort and Prisoners.

Tarp. Abhorred Creature! no: I now hate more
Than I e're lov'd, tho I lov'd more than any.
Wert thou more suppliant at my feet, than I
Too lately was at thine, I'd spurn at thy
Petitions, thus; and be more cruel,
If it were possible, than thou wer't, Devil.
As for the Fort, I'le quickly take that back.
But first thy life. ——— [*Assaults him again.*

Guard. To Armes, to Armes: Where are you *Curtius*? [*Without.*
Captain to Armes, to Armes, we are surpriz'd. [*Knocking.*

Cur. Make hast and break the door.

Tarp. I'le open first a door to thy false heart.
[Curtius *closes* Tarp. *and as they are striving, the Guard enters.*

Guard. Ha! *Curtius*, unarm'd and wounded! See the young Traytor.
Oh Murderous Villain! —— [*The Guard wounds* Tarp.

Cur. Forbear, it is a Woman, —— [Curtius *disarms her.*

Guard. O Sir, the Forts in danger, —— the *Romans* headed
By their *Hostilius*, pour like a torrent on us.
We want your Countenance and conduct.

Cur. I am much wounded, but I think none mortal:
On to the danger, ——
[*To* Tarp. *as he goes off.*
Despised thing, false both to *Rome* and me,
Make use of these few minutes: I'le but secure
My Guard, at my return expect
The due reward which all thy Treasons Merit. [*Ex. Cur. cum suis.*

Tarp. Yes, I will use the time — I bleed — 'Tis nothing.
The sight does but incourage me to action,
O that I had a Sword! I'le to the assault
While all is in Confusion, I cannot miss
A weapon on the place: My Country calls
My help, though weak, will yet assist her something.
Could I die fighting for her, I were happy.
When life's a burthen, all our fortune cross,
To lose it Nobly then, how sweet's the loss? [*Exit.*

ACT. V. SCENE I. *The Fort.*

Hostilius, *Souldiers*, Tarpeia.

Host. THE Fort is ours: again: But we have strange
Mist the Commander.
Sol. Sabinus fighting, Sir, when he perceived
All past Redemption, with some few Officers,
Forced their way through us, and fled safely over
To their own Camp: the rest are Prisoners.
Host. My little Rival there, and bloody too?
I see he's more a Man than *I* expected, —— [*Aside.*
Know you that Boy? [*To the Soldier.*
Sol. I found him, Sir, amidst the thickest danger,
Fighting on our side, fiercely, till spent with loss
Of blood, a rough old *Sabine*, had seiz'd
And wou'd have kill the fainting Youth, when I
Stept in and saved him.
Host. It was well done, and *I*'le reward you for it:
All favour's due to such an early Courage. ——
Thou art a Gallant Boy, and *I* repent [*To* Tarp.
I chid thee lately, prithee reveal thy Name,
That we may know, to whom we give our praises.
Tarp. It is not worth your knowledge, brave *Hostilius*,
My Name's dishonourable, worse than none,
Unless *I* get a Name that's worth the speaking
I beg to die unknown. ——
Sol. See Sir, the Royall Prisoners come to meet you,
Enter Romulus, Hersilia, Spu. Tarpeius.
Rom. Do we see our *Hostilius* once again?

I cannot say, in which I am most happy,
To see my friend restored, or Liberty. ——
O, my *Herſilia*, now we cannot die;
This world is too inviting: All our joyes
Return, and we shall now be Gods in *Rome*.

Hoſt. The happineſs is mine, bleſſed am I,
That I am pointed out to ſerve my King,
My beſt of Friends, and (whom I blushed name,)
The ſweet *Herſilia*: It is a glorious office!
The very boys have ſo much ſenſe of Honour,
And think it Heaven to die in ſuch a cauſe.
This youth endeavour'd it as well as I. [*Pointing to* Tarp.

Sp. Tarp. Ha! my Daughter in diſguiſe! O thou ſhame
Of *Roman* Maids. Take this reward of Treaſon ——
[*Draws and runs at her*, Hoſtilius *ſteps between.*

Hoſt. Hold! What means the Mad-man? Wou'd you reward
With death, him, who ſtill bleeds from all theſe wounds,
Received ſo lately in his Countries quarrel?

Sp. Tarp. Perſiſt not in an Errour, good *Hoſtilius*,
This is no Boy, but my accurſed Daughter,
With-hold me not, I have a Parents Right,
And claim to take her life at my own freedom.

Rom. That Argument I never will allow of,
'Twas uſed againſt *Herſilia*.

Hoſt. I am amazed! can any woman have,
A Soul ſo Maſculine?

Sp. Tarp. Say rather, ſo degenerate, and full of horrour,
Since this is that falſe Devil that betray'd
The Fort, her King, and Father, to the *Sabines*.

Rom. This is all Riddle, how cou'd ſhe betray
Her Prince, who has expos'd her life to ſave him.
I muſt examine this more ſtrictly, ——

} Romulus *goes over, and diſcourſes with* Tarpeia, *and her Father, while* Hoſtilius *and* Herſilia *come forward.*

Herſ. *Hoſtilius* you have merited from me ſo highly,
In freeing my dear Lord, from inſtant death,
That *I* ſhould be confounded much, to make
A due acknowledgment of ſuch a ſervice:
Did I not know of a reward will pleaſe you.

Hoſt. I'me ſtupifi'd. — I know not what to anſwer.
I dare not look: *I* dare not truſt, my eyes
With the dear object. —— [*Aſide.*

Herſ.

Herf. Do you not mind me Sir, Why do you look
Another way? —— Yours merits are too modeſt.

Hoſt. In vain *I* guard my eyes: *In* vain *I* keep
That Poſt ſecure: My ear, my ear betrays me. —— *Aſide.*
Too much reward it is already, Madam, [*To* Herſilia.
For me to hear ſuch words from fair *Herſilia*,
What man can merit ſuch kind words, and live?
If I had dyed in ſuch a cauſe, as this,
Perhaps the ſweet *Herſilia* might have then
Applauded me with better Juſtice.

Herf. No more of this. ——
As ſoon as we return back to the Pallace
Be you in the Court Garden;
I'le meet you there in the cloſe Mirtle-walk,
And then confer, the dear reward *I* mention.

Hoſt. *I* dare not underſtand her meaning. ——
Now, now, *Hoſtilius*, ſummon all thy vertue,
Call all thy Honour to thy help, for all
Is much too little. ——

Rom. So brave an act, after ſo baſe a *Treaſon*
I never knew the ſame hand guilty of.

Sp. Tarp. *I* cannot yet receive her for my Daughter,
The ſtain of Treaſon is indelible,
Nor has ſhe purg'd her Crime by her late ſervice.
Since ſhe was bound to that, tho ſhe had ne're
Offended. ——— She ought to die.

Rom. *Spurius Tarpeius*, no: You give your Prince
Diſhonourable Counſel. Shou'd I forget
Her wounds ſtill bleeding? Ingratitude's in me
Almoſt as great a blemiſh as her Treaſon.

Tarp. If you intend me any favour Sir?
If *I* have merited in my laſt action?
Do as my Father urges. Take my life:
Since *I* miſt that of *Curtius*, mines a Burden,
A ſhame, a Torment to me. Had *I* but
Recover'd my loſt Honour: Had not my
Revenge, my Glory, my intended ſervice
Been all defeated by *Hoſtilius* coming,
I then cou'd have endured to live.
Or any fate, life had not been uneaſie. ——
If you'l not give me death as a reward?
If *I* appear to ask too great a Boon?

Con-

Confer it as a Punishment for Treason.
If neither way I can have what I beg:
Sullen, and out of favour with my fortune,
I'le try to give my self what you deny me. ——

Hers. Will you, *Tarpeia*, stand to my decision?

Tarp. With all my Soul: I'me sure the sweet *Hersilia*
Will give me what I ask, a speedy death;
Since by my act, she and her *Romulus*
Were both so very near it. ——

Hers. Then, with my dear Lords leave, this is my Sentence.
Tarpeia, you shall live: And yet to please you,
I will inflict a Civil death, you shall,
During your life, be a devoted Recluse,
A Vestal, ever serving at the Altar,
And Sacrifice for us whom you have wrong'd.

Rom. Now to Mount *Palatine*: Come my Captive Queen,
And change a Prison, for a Court, Joys tast
More sweet, when relisht by afflictions past

[*Ex. Omnes. Preter* Tarpeia.

Tarpeia *alone, two of the Guards at a distance.*

Tarp. A Nun! O no: The thought is worse than death.
Can I, I who have felt so many fires
In my own breast, whose heart has burnt so long
In Love and fury, that I am now all ashes?
Can I ——
Tamely submit to guard the Vestal Flames?
Pardon me Goddess; Pardon me *Hersilia*;
I have not Soul enough to live at ease. ——
O Earth, Earth, Earth! Take me to your Embraces. [*Lies down.*
Why shou'd I use the air? My Soul's all fled;
Spent and evaporate in fruitless Passion.
There's nothing left to poor *Tarpeia* now
But a base sordid Lump of worthless mould.
Colours, that fleeting Summer shade, and all
That little Beauty *I* once had, has left me,
Like a false dream, 'tis vanisht in a moment.
Yet I have still a name remains: Ah, less
Then nothing! unless it cou'd survive with Glory.
To cleanse thy spoted name, die then, *Tarpeia*;
Nothing but death can give a life to fame.

[*Seeing the Guards.*

(*Rising*) Ha! my Sorrows are betray'd: — Unmanner'd Villains,

Do you stay here as Spies upon my actions? [*Draws.*
Guard. We wait here, Madam, by the Kings Command:
Our duty is to see you safely lodged
In *Vesta's* Temple. —
Tarp. Forbear: And know your distance, base Plebeian;
I have not leasure yet to be Religious: —
O! I am much oppresst: Too much black blood [*Aside.*
Lies heavy at my heart, and drowns my Spirits.
But I will give it vent. —— Stay, I have here,
Full on my breast, a *Sabine* wound imperfect.
What *Curtius* Soldiers have begun, I'le finish:
Through the same Orifice I'le send my steel
Into that wound which *Curtius* gave my heart.
O loved and hated Name! Since be refused
The Joys of Love, thus I'le remove the pains. [*Falls on her Sword.*
1. *Guard.* O she has kill'd her self! the mad Virago
Has out done all her former actions, here.
Call for more help.
2. *Guard.* Help, there within; *Tarpeia* bleeds to death!
Enter Tarpeius, *Attendants.*
Sp. Tarp. What means this sudden out-cry? Ha!
Is still *Tarpeia* heard? My shame still here? Not yet a Vestal?
1. *Guard.* O Sir, behold your Daughter lies expiring:
Wild with her discontents, from her own Sword
She took that death which you so much desired,
And *Romulus* denyed.
Sp. Tarp. She bleeds: Kind Heavens! from her own hand she bleeds.
O truly *Roman!* Let me embrace my Daughter:
I am not now ashamed to be her Father. [*Kneels by her.*
Tarp. Forgive me Sir, the scandal I have given
Both to my Parents, and my dearer Country.
I am unworthy to be called a *Roman.*
A *Roman* is no Traytor: A *Roman* is brave,
Just, true, and of a mind above Corruption.
But I have been so false I cannot speak it.
The Soul of my good name's long since expired,
And why should I survive?
Sp. Tarp. True, true, my lovely Daughter! O thou art now
In this last ebb of life, more fair than ever.
Others may think thy former beauty fadeing,
Languid, and dying-pale as a crop't Lilly;

To me the Roſes of thy Cheeks ſtill flouriſh,
Freſh as the blooming Spring, ſweet as the Eaſt.
Theſe cloſing eyes are real Jewels now;
Poetick fury cannot make 'em brighter.
Tar. O tell me, Sir, truly, as you are noble,
Do not diſſemble: Have I redeem'd my Crime,
And with my blood cleans'd the foul ſtains of Treaſon?
Sp. Tar. Believe me then, ——
Thou art all white again, my dear *Tarpeia*;
This glorious Act reſtores thy innocence,
And from this hour, thou art new born to me
A ſpotleſs *Roman* Virgin.
Tar. It is enough! Have I all this for dying?
O Glory cheaply bought! Come Death, come quickly;
Come thou, more lov'd than *Curius*; haſte to meet me.
The grim Man hears me. See! he comes; I feel him.
Farewel: I go in haſte; with greater Joy,
Than love ſick Virgins loſe their name to *Hymen*.
Farewel for ever. [*Dyes.*
Sp. Tar. Farewel my ſhame, and glory! — [*Riſing.*
Nature wou'd ſhew it ſelf; it whiſpers me,
She was my Daughter; True, but ſhe died bravely.
I ought not then to ſhed one tear, but triumph.
Take up the Body, Souldiers, as one of us;
For tho ſhe were a Virgin, ſhe was martial.
Such Obſequies as are to *Hero's* given,
Shall be my Daughters: A Maid of manly courage:
A Soul oppos'd to deſtiny: Her ſhame
Was Love and Life; Revenge and Death her fame. [*Exeunt Omn.*

SCENE II. The Pallace.

Portia, Cloe.

Por. THis welcome news muſt ſure reſtore her.
Clo. I doubt it not at all: Her late ſleep too contributes.
Por. Where not you preſent, *Cloe*, when *Cornelia*
Made the Relation to her?
Clo. Yes.
Port. How did ſhe receive it?
Clo. As one of us would a ſurprizing Story,
When half a ſleep: She ſtarted, bluſht, then askt
A thouſand little queſtions, to no purpoſe,

Then blush't again, and turn'd away her eyes,
As conscious and athamed of her late weakness.
Port. These simptoms shew returning sense, tho slowly,
And by degrees, as harmless Virgins wake
From pleasing dreams.——

Enter Feliciana, Cornelia.

Feli. O *Portia*! O my *Cloe*, witness all
What here *Cornelia* tells me. She sayes *Hostilius*,
She sayes my Sister, too? And not she only,
But *Hostilius* are coming hither.——
Port. It is most true.
Feli. Go you wou'd all deceive me: You tell me Heaven
Will come to me, and all the upper world
Stoop to a silly Girl, Fie on you all!
How can I think it? Go, you are all deceivers.
Cot. Look, Madam, trust your eyes.——

Enter Hersilia.

Hersi. Feliciana! O my long-mist Dear, [*Embracing.*
Feli. O my Sister!
Hersi. My haste to see my sweet *Feliciana*,
Transported me, and wou'd not let me rest,
Till thus I settle in her dear embrace.——
Why are you silent, sweetest! sure some vast joy
Stifles her words.—— What does this mean, *Cornelia*?
Cor. O Madam, since you went, all her fair senses
Have been as absent, as your self, and her
Much loved *Hostilius*.
Clo. No wonder then the way being thus disturb'd,
If her returning Wits appear to wander.
Hersi. I'le guide e'm right, for I have joyes in store,
Great, as her past affections. Come with me [*to* Fel.
Sweet innocence! Fortune's not alwayes angry
She now is pleas'd again, and bids you too
Smile like her self, the happy hours arriv'd,
The happy hour, that gives your Sister means
To pay what she has stood so long engag'd for.
I'le make *Hostilius* yours: For I can give him.
Fel. I dare not trust you.
Her. You must: You shall this once, and never after.
Hast, my *Feliciana*: Let us flie,
On the soft wings of Love, to meet *Hostilius*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Garden.*

Enter Hoſtilius.

THis is the place, and this the time appointed.
As ſoon as I arriv'd back at the Pallace, —
Theſe were her words. — I'le then and there ſaid ſhe.
Confer the dear reward I mention. ——
What can that be? but what, it ſhou'd not be,
She knows, ſhe knowes, I value no reward,
But only what, ſhe ſhou'd not give, her Love,
O *Romulus!* my friend! how can I think, ——
That name, and yet wait here for his diſhonour, ——
Yet I am innocent, —— I'le back again.
She is not here: Than why ſhou'd I expect,
And do ſo foul an action, in cold blood?
No, I will back again; ----- I cannot go
Methinks I ſhou'd attend a Ladies motion,
Much more a Queens, a Goddeſs, ſuch as *Herſilia.*
Deceitful Love! O thou falſe impoſtor!
O my my loſt friendſhip! Loſt! I will not loſe it.
But one turn more, and I will, will go. [*Exit.*

Enter Herſilia, *and ſpeaks entring.*

Herſ. Stand you all out of ſight; there at that turning,
And when *I* call appear. —— I ſee him yonder,
Penſive he walks, as if he fear'd to meet
What he expects. I know he thinks my Love,
The promiſed Recompence, for his paſt ſervice,
I'le ſoon transfer his thoughts to the right object.
He ſees me.

Enter Hoſtilius.

Herſ. Does not *Hoſtilius* wonder to what end
I meet him thus, and in a place ſo far
Removed from ſight and interruption?

Hoſt. Not at all, Madam: *Herſilia* cannot have
A thought unworthy of her ſelf, and Honour:
(*Aſide*) What a ſoft charming look has ſhe put on?
Oh I am ruin'd! -----

Herſ. I told you Sir, I know,
Of a reward that I am ſure will pleaſe you:
Tis Love, and ſuch a Love you muſt not ſlight.

Host. Ay: It is so: My fears, and my desires
Are joyn'd to make me wretched; I am lost:
Lost past recovery.
What Man can stand against such sweet temptation? [*Aside.*
Herf. 'Tis from no Common beauty; but one adorn'd
With all the advantages of Birth and Fortune,
Young, witty, noble, innocent, and fair,
As the first smiles of Summer Mornings are:
Chearful as *April* Suns, fresh as the Spring. ——
Host. It must be she her self, the Character
Sutes with no other Woman. —— [*Aside.*
Enter Romulus, (*unseen.*)
Rom. Ha! my *Herfilia*, and *Hostilius* here
Alone too —— [*Stands aside.*
Herf. Such is the Lady that has loved you long,
Hostilius: She has loved you to excess,
But hitherto unknown; her flame has lasted
Silent and to her self, as Lamps in Tombs. ——
I am amaz'd to see you thus unmoved.
Can you hear this Intelligence, from me too,
And give it no more welcome?
Rom. What do I hear? What, do I see? I will
Not trust my senses, they are all deceitful
No, in despight of my own eye and ear,
I'le observe on: Down, down, rebellious thought, ——
'Tis false, *Herfilia* cannot wrong me.
Host. These are too quick advances: And less than
Decent, Methinks, she's not so fair as lately.
A Cloud is drawing o're her eye, I see it.
Now love, where art thou? the Coward Boy's returing.
Honour I am all thine. —— [*Aside.*
Madam, I must confess, it is a vast
Reward you offer for a little service.
So vast, and so surprizing is the offer,
I scarce have sense enough left to refuse it.
Had your words been less clear, I shou'd not then
Have dared to know their meaning; But now
They are so plain, I must not understand 'em.
Herf. I am o'rejoy'd to find him answer thus.
I see he thinks it is my Love I offer;
And by my conduct I have cur'd his phrenzy,
Extinguisht all the Rebel flame for me, [*Aside.*

And made him capable of a new passion.
——And can you then refuse the Love I bring you? [Aside.
Can you, *Hostilius*, when *Herfilia* sayes
Love and be happy, slight the precious news?
How have I been deceiv'd? I was fairly laid,
Hostilius honour'd, loved, adored *Herfilia*,
Since she commends a Ladies Passion to him?
And yet *Hostilius* stands as unconcern'd.
Rom. I'le hear no more. My patience is abused.
False, False *Herfilia*. [Rom. *comes forward.*
Herf. My Lord, I have been making Love here.——
Rom. And can you own it too? But you're already
Too much dissembled. O that I had died
By *Tatius* juster sentence; not lived to see
His Daughter, thus much worse than Him-me.
Herf. Nay, than 'tis time to undabuse you both——
Feliciana: Sister! Where are you?

Enter Feliciana *and Attendants.*

Look, *Hostilius*——
This is the Lady, for whose sake I wo you,
Has not my Character, short of her Beauty,
Wrong'd her, by an imperfect commendation?
Take her, brave Man, and here bestow that love,
Which err'd to me; nor was your Errot lost,
When you imagin'd I could wrong my Lord——
But in a thought: 'Twas all designed for this.
Rom. How base do I appear? Poor, and unworthy;
And how divine *Herfilia*: yet I am pleased.
Take from my Character ye Gods: Take, take,
Yet more, and add it all to hers; for she
Alone merits to be; nay is perfection.
Let after Ages copy from *Herfilia*,
When they wou'd learn what's good, or chaste, or noble.
But let the name of *Romulus* be odious,
Since he could wrong her love by base suspition.
Can you forgive?—— O I want assurance
To ask. So much injustice you ought not,
You must not pardon. Such a Crime as mine
Exceeds, if it were possible, your Goodness.——
Herf. O hold, or I shall doubt with better cause
Your love, than you did mine. Can *Romulus*
Be kind to me, and yet forbid my kindness?

You ſpeak of pardon, where you ne're offended.
My deareſt Lord, I'm pleas'd at your ſuſpicion.
If (as th'appearance was) you had not been moved,
Sure you had loved me leſs.

Rom. O wondrous goodneſs! Miracle of women.
Can you ſtill love me?

Herſ. My life, I can, I doe, [*Embracing.*

Hoſt. But, Madam, what muſt I return, for this dear bleſſing.
I'm ſo confounded with the mighty favour,
I know not where firſt to beſtow my thanks
To my ſweet Miſtreſs, here, who thought me worthy,
Or to your ſelf, who form'd my erring heart,
For ſuch a Heaven,

Herſ. Pay 'em to her: Only her love deſerves them.
See, Sir, her bluſhes keep her ſpeechleſs; but
That very ſilence tells you, ſhe merits more
Than you can pay her. ——

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. To, Armes, to Armes: O! quick, or *Rome* is loſt.
The *Sabines* enter at Port *Janualis*
Led on by *Tatius*: *Curtius* too half deſperate,
Since his late loſs, fights now with double Courage.
The Guards give ground apace, and they are ne're
Poſſeſt of all that Quarter,

Rom. A truce with Love *Hoſtilius*, we are call'd
To bolder actions. ——

Hoſt. —— Were all their Army preſent
I have no power to ſtir, till thus I pay,
At this ſoft ſhrine of Love and innocence
My firſt Devotions. [*Kiſſes Feliciana's hand.*
From this dear touch, I take new life, new Love,
And thus inſpir'd to certain conqueſt move. [*Ex. Rom. Hoſt.*

Feli. He's gone: while he was here I had no power
To ſpeak, to move, or any thing but bluſh.
My overflowing joy met every thought,
And choak'd my words e're they could reach my tongue.
My fears, my fears, now give me Elocution.
O I ſhall loſe your Preſent Siſter! In vain,
You gave me the brave Man: The cruel *Sabines*
Will rob me of *Hoſtilius*.

Herſ. Why ſhou'd you fear
Succeſs? have not I made a greater venture,

My Soul, my *Romulus*, my All I hazard
In this ingagement. —— But if I hazard all
Why ſtand I here? Can I be ſafe, when he,
My better ſelf's in danger? *Cloe*, run,
Gather the *Sabine* Women in a body:
Bid 'em all meet with ſpeed at *Janus*'s Temple.

Feli. What means my Siſter? [*Exit* Cloe.

Her. I feel unuſual joy ſhoot through my heart:
Something within me whiſpers, that as I
Firſt cauſed this war, ſo it is I muſt end it.
Swell noble thought; That I may ſomething do
Worthy a *Roman* Wife, and *Sabine* Daughter.

Enter Portia.

Port. Be happy Madam: Heaven declares for *Rome*,
The Gods fight for us. When your *Romulus*
Found his men flying, and that no perſwaſions,
Nor threats, nor his example cou'd prevail,
To ſtay the Coward Fugitives, to all
His friends above, the pious *Roman* calls,
And vows a Temple in the place to *Jove*.
Behold a Miracle! they, who but now
Fled as ſo many Hares, turn on the ſudden. ——

Herſ. I'm ſeiſed with joy and wonder.

Port. But this is, Madam, wonderful indeed.
While the prevailing *Sabines* bore all before 'em,
Purſuing fiercely along by *Janus* Temple,
A ſtream of Sulphur flow'd more fiercely on 'em,
From the offended God: Drowning and burning them,
But giving us more time and means to rally.

Herſ. Shall the two ever jarring Elements
Of Fire and Water, lay by their enmity,
Uniting both their powers for *Rome*, while I,
The Wife of *Romulus*, ſtand unconcern'd?
No, I will loſe my Nature too; caſt off
The fears of Woman, and with a Troop
Of my own Sex, confront the thickeſt danger.
But ſtay you here, my ſweet *Feliciana*,
Thy years are much unfit for ſuch a hazard.

Fel. Unkind *Herſilia!* Why ſhou'd you under-rate
My love, and think it leſs than yours?
Young as I am, I dare as much as you.
For love and my *Hoſtilius*, I am all fire!

And yet I durſt not go, were not he there;
But to meet him, tho in a Grave, I dare. — [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE Ult. The Scene draws, and diſcovers the Romans *and* Sabines *ready to engage. Drums and Trumpets.*

Romulus, Hoſtilius, Tatius *and* Curtius *come forward.*

Tat. Forbear a while. — Since, *Romulus*, we meet
So opportunely, let us two, who have
The cheif concern in this unhappy War,
Decide the quarrel ſingly. Why ſhou'd we
Profuſely caſt away a thouſand lives
Harmleſs and unconcern'd? when we may better
Stake all th' event of war on our own heads?

Rom. The offer's juſt and noble: I accept it.

Tat. Give your command then, to your *Roman* party,
As I to mine (who I'm ſure will obey me)
That they remain ſpectators only, and
Both ſides yeild to him that conquers.

Hoſt. Sure *Tatius*, never heard *Hoſtilius* named,
Am I ſoe great a ſtranger, to your ear?
Or has report, ne're mentioned the ſtrict friendſhip
With which the God like *Romulus* has graced me.
'Tis time you know it now, if yet you have not.
I cannot ſee my King engaged,
And I unactive. —

Cur. — Nor I my General.
Once more, *Hoſtilius*, fortune preſents my ſword
To oppoſe yours; ſure now we may decide
What late we left imperfect.

Hoſt. With as much joy, as abſent Lovers meet.

Tarp. Is there not yet one *Sabine* more that dare
Conteſt with me the Juſtice of this War?
Muſt I be ſo unhappy to ſtand idle,
A poor Spectator of brave deeds, and want
One noble Enemy among ſo many?

[*Two or three* Sabines *are coming forward to anſwer.*

Tat. Retire and keep your places. — You ſee *Tarpeius*.
Here are enow, that ſtrive for the like honour;
But ſince your King agrees to fight me ſingle,
I'le have no more engaged than are already;
Hoſtilius has indeed put in no common claim.

Or else he too had been refused.

Rom. Be not displeased, thou brave and worthy *Roman*,
'Tis fit I leave one friend alive, to tell [*Embracing* Tarp.
Posterity, how much I die *Hersilia*'s:
How much my heart abhorr'd to live,
Unless in her: How my last sillable was her's,
And how my Soul flew in a trembling sigh
Up with her name to Heaven. [Tarp. *retires.*

Tat. We lose too many minutes; *Rovian* advance,
And meet me as a Foe implacable.
Respect me not, as Father to *Hersilia*,
Rather than so, I cancel all Relation,
Quit my Alliance, and disown my blood. [*They all pass.*

Enter Hersilia, Feliciana, *and other Women, who all run in between 'em.*

Hers. Do, —— kill us first, and then your selves. Add this
To the great List of all your Glorious Acts,
That you have Murdred all these unarm'd Women:
Where am I now arriv'd? Is that my Father?
He is or shou'd be: This I'me sure's my Husband. ——

Feli. And this to me more dear, than thousand Husbands.
I'le be *Hostilius* shield, weak as I am,
He that wounds him must do it through my breast.

Hers. Sir, [*To* Tatius *kneeling.*

Tat. Woman away.

Hers. Have I no nearer Name?

Tat. *Hersilia*, ——

Hers. Still that has too much distance: methinks
I hear my Mothers Soul, from her blest seat
Of rest, call out and say, I am your Daughter.

Tat. You were; till disobedient Love blotted that name,
And render'd all my blood degenerate.

Hers. — My Lord, —— [*To* Romulus.

Rom. My better life! Retire *Hersilia*. [*Raising her.*
O do not thus expose to the blind Sword,
A life inestimable: To see you bleed
Wou'd kill my very Soul. Shou'd I lose you
I lose a thousand lives, a thousand worlds.

Hers. Perish a thousand Worlds, before I see
My Father kill my Husband; He my Father.
You both devide my Duty: I live in both,
And die in either: why shou'd you then erd aver?

To murder me twice over in your selves,
I had rather once in my own person die
Than twice in yours: Begin, begin with me;
Take my life he that pleases; take it freely, I
But spare each other. ——

Tat. These, *Romulus*, are your security:
I'le draw my Party off; some other time
We'll find an hour more masculine and noble,
When we may act like men, not talk to women.

Hers. O stay; for to part thus has something in't
Worse than my present fears. O hear me *Sabines!*
Hear me you noble *Romans!* If for my sake
This war was first begun, why for my sake
May it not now be ended? Am I *Hersilia*?
Have I a Father and a Husband here,
And yet want interest to mediate with you?
Sure Nature cannot be so far defective;
I know my Father cannot be obdurate;
I know it by my self; if he were cruel
I could not be compassionate and kind:
No, he was never cruel; 'twas but dissimulation.
When lately he condemn'd my Lord and I,

Tat. Thus far 'tis true, tho I condemn'd you justly,
I never meant the threatned Execution.
Curtius knows it, ——
But what is that to this? We now meet equal,
And I to vindicate my Right, and Honour. ——
Hersilia, give us way; when Kings dispute,
Swords are their Arguments, Force their perswasion.

Hers. No, make your way to him through me. —— Yet hold,
Your Sword is needless, I feel a sharper weapon;
The thought of your unkindness kills me surer. [*Faints*

Rom. O stay fair Soul! If but one minute longer,
Stay but to take me with you. —— No, she's gone!
Look back *Hersilia*, I shall soon o're take you.
[*Offers to fall on his Sword.* Hostilius *holds him.* Hersilia *recovers.*

Hers. What pleasing voice unkindly calls me back
From the eternal rest of injur'd Lovers?
Sure 'tis my Lord; it must, it must be he;
No Tongue but his can draw Souls from Heaven. [*Embracing* Rom.

Tat. I am o'recome. He that can see such Love

And yet not melt, is not a Man but Devil.
I yield, I yield, O Divine power of Love,
That can ſubdue a fury ſuch as mine!
[He *Embraces* Romulus *and* Herſilia.
Be happy in each other, beſt of Lovers,
My Daughter, and my Son! I'm doubly bleſt;
Since now in knowing you, *I* know my bleſſing. ——
Sheath all your Swords: give the Command abroad,
That like me, each embrace his Enemy.
[Curtius *and* Hoſtilius *Embrace*, &c.
Herſ. O happy change,
Rom. Bleſt be *Herſilia*, ever!
Since to her Piety we owe this change.
Never was War ſo ended!
Hoſt. Yet one more bleſſing, Sir, and we are all happy. [*To* Tat.
[*Approaching with* Feliciana.
Our hearts are both united: We only want
Your favour to compleat a Glorious Hymen.
Tat. This is my ſecond comfort. Take her *Hoſtilius*,
For you deſerve her. Thou ſecond *Romulus*!
Live, Love, and be as happy as the firſt.
Cur. Tarpeius you alone know my diſhonour. [*Aſide to* Tarp.
My falſe, baſe, Treaſon, and the Love that cauſed it:
My mind is now reform'd: *I* am no more,
Rival to *Romulus*, but his admirer.
When *I* behold his flame my own expires,
As brighter Suns put out the leſſer fires.
As you are Noble, then conceal my ſhame,
For *I* repent it much. ——
And *I* am now prepar'd by future kindneſs
To pay off all that mighty Debt of Love,
Which I have too long ow'd to your much injured Daughter.
Sp. Tarp. Your Debts diſcharged, *Sabinus*, and hers already paid
To Nature: *Tarpeia* is no more.
Cur. Tarpeia dead? Forbid it Heaven!
Sp. Tarp. Unable to endure the ſenſe of ſuch diſhonour
As her unhappy Love contracted, by her own hand
She waſht the ſpots of Fame in her own blood.
Cur. Ah Noble Maid! too brave, and too unhappy!
Heroes and Demy-Gods ſhall Celebrate *Tarpeia*.
Queens when they'd Name a Maid of mighty Courage,
And vindicate their Sex above the Male,

Will say *Tarpeia*: But most the happy Lover,
When he complains of Cross and Cruel Stars,
Shall weeping mention her sad fate and call it his.
Sp. Tarp. Curtius no more: Let us forget our sorrows.
We injure much our Countries publick Joy:
No Passion now shou'd Raign, but Love and Triumph.
Tat. *Romans* and *Sabines* are no longer two,
But the same Nation, now: Where such a Love
Has shew'd the way to *Rome*, we must all follow.
Rom. Renown'd for ever be this day and place:
Here for all Ages, let the *Roman* Tribes,
Fix their *Comitium*, for more solemn meetings.
Here every year let all the blooming Youth,
And tender Virgins, of our now own people,
In Songs and Revels Celebrate this day:
And as a Monument of the late wonder,
Let *Janus* Temple, ever open stand:
When *Rome* has War, the God for us will sally.
Happy the Nuptials, when two Kingdomes Wed:
Empire and Crowns spring from that Marriage Bed.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE Writ by Mrs. A. Behn.

Spoken by Tarpeia.

Fair Ladies, pitty an unhappy Maid,
By Fortune, and by faithless Love betray'd.
Innocent once.— I scarce knew how to sin,
Till that unlucky Devil entring in,
Did all my Honour, all my Faith undo:
Love! like Ambition, *makes us* Rebels too:
And of all Treasons, mine was most accurst;
Rebelling 'gainst a King and Father first.
A Sin, which Heav'n nor Man can e're forgive;
Nor could I Act it with the face to live.
My Dagger did my Honours cause redress;
But oh! my blushing Ghost must needs confess,
Had my young Charming Lover faithful been,
I fear I'd dy'd with unrepented Sin.
There's nothing can my Reputation save
With all the True, the Loyal and the Brave;
Not my Remorse, or Death, can expiate
With them a Treason 'gainst the KING *and State.*
Some Love-sick Maid perhaps, now I am gone,
(Raging with Love, and by that Love undone;)
May form some little Argument *for me,*
T' excuse m' Ingratitude *and* Treachery.
Some of the Sparks too, that infect the Pit,
(Whose Honesty is equal to their Wit,
And think Rebellion *but a petty Crime,*
Can turn to all sides Int'rest does incline,)
May cry 'I gad I think the Wench is wise;
'Had it prov'd Lucky, twas, the way to rise.

'She

The Mad a Rapid Spirit, [illegible]
Dull Loyalty, and the yoke of Sovereigns.
A Pox of Fathers, and Reproach to come;
She was the first and Noblest *Whig* of *Rome*.
But may that Ghost in quiet never rest,
Who thinks it self with Traytors Praises blest.

FINIS.